



Cathedrals

and

Cloisters

of

Northern

France



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By Elise Whitlock Rose and
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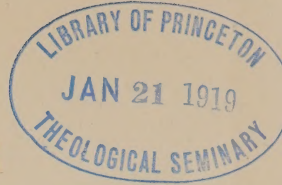


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graceful stage.”

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graceful stage."

Verdun.



CATHEDRALS
and CLOISTERS

OF
NORTHERN FRANCE

BY
ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE ✓

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

BY
VIDA HUNT FRANCIS

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME I.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK AND LONDON

The Knickerbocker Press

1914

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

PREFACE

With the present volumes, the history of the French Cathedrals comes to an end. Although many pages have gone to the making of these books, half of the great mediæval tale could not be told—the tale of faith and love, of self-sacrifice and self-interest, of generosity, ambition, and genius, that led to the erection of the Cathedrals “which remain to the greater glory of God, and to the greater honour of the Catholic Church.” If the authors have added, even in a small measure, to the pleasure of the student in France—if they have succeeded in making more vivid the story of the Cathedral-building ages, in making more real the significance of the Cathedral in the lives of the people as well as in the records of Architecture, their work will not have been useless; and if, by writing its history, they have led some appreciative traveller to visit a Laon, a Rodez, or a Tréguier, they will be well repaid.

Of the monuments of France, the few score Cathedrals—stupendous, beautiful, or interesting as they may be—are but a tithe; and it is pleasant to think of the delight of the Cathedral-seeker who finds at Arles not only a Saint-Trophime but a Gallo-Roman Palace and

an Arena, who sees at Toul not only Notre-Dame but Saint-Gengoult, and who enjoys the quaint dialect, dress, and customs of Brittany with the legends and church of Saint-Corentin at Quimper.

In finishing their work of ten years, the makers of the "Cathedrals and Cloisters of France" desire to thank again all those who have aided them, and to add to the list of their benefactors the names of M. the Abbé Gerard of Toul, of M. Paul Cordet, and of the learned Abbé Dusautoir, Membre titulaire de la Société des Antiquaires de la Morinie.

Without the help of their friends, much of the technical labour would have been far more onerous; without the "authorisation" of the French Government, the task of the illustrator would have been almost impossible; and the authors wish to reiterate their expressions of gratitude for the unfailing kindness of the French clergy in lending books of ecclesiastical record, in showing the hidden treasures of their churches, and in elucidating many obscure points of history, archæology, and architecture.

E. W. R.

LE PUY-EN-VELAY.

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Northern France.

NORTHERN FRANCE.

In his "History of Architecture," Fergusson writes that French Gothic is "the most complete and harmonious of all the pointed styles, as well as the earliest." The examples of this manner, as shown in the Cathedrals, have been studied in the South where the Gothic was an imported and late rival of the Romanesque, in the centre where it existed on terms of equality with the Romanesque and the Gallo-Byzantine, and in the Isle-de-France, its birthplace. The North remains for consideration. Generally speaking, it lies geographically and historically near the Royal Domain; and although within its confines the rounded form sometimes reached the distinction of a Caen, the country is justly termed "the home of the pointed arch."

Here, among many truly "secondary" churches, are found a large number called secondary because of the lack of a better term. Because they are less bold in outline, smaller in size, or less daring in height than a Paris, an Amiens, or a Reims, they do not equal these stupendous creations; yet within their own dimensions, within the limits of height and breadth chosen by their architects, they are only less original, less perfect, than the more famous edifices; and one who is forced to say

"inferior" often enthusiastically adds in the same breath, "marvellous." Of such creations are the naves of Nantes, of Dol, and of Châlons-sur-Marne, the Cloister of Saint-Dié, portions of Evreux, and Bayeux, Quimper, Tréguier, Sées, and Toul. Six works of the Northern builders rank with the noblest Gothic structures,—Reims, Troyes, and Amiens, which for the sake of relationship and comparison were discussed with the Isle-de-France; the choir of Le Mans, which is their peer; and Strasbourg and Metz, the treasures of the "lost provinces."

**Alsace=
Lorraine.**

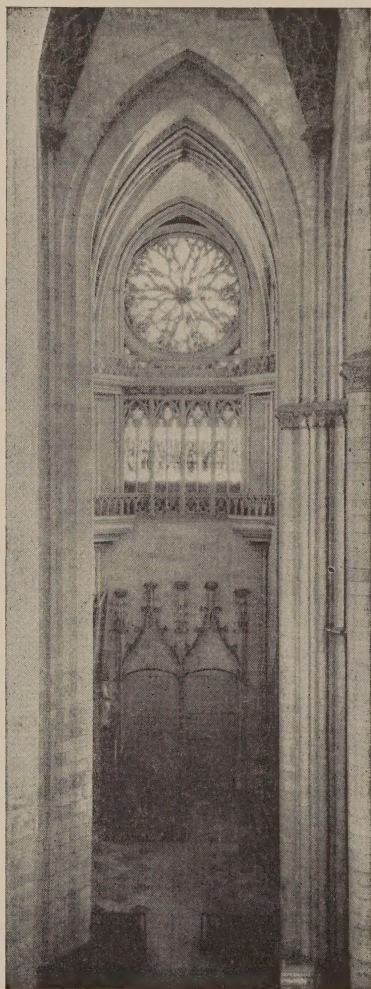
Although "de jure" the two latter Cathedrals may be an integral part of his story, the chronicler of 1913 is confronted by the cold fact that they are in Germany; and that, through a condition which is political and therefore to him extraneous, he is now debarred from including in these books a description of the lace-like spire which rises above the peaked roofs of Strasbourg; the lovely, carven pulpit; the little staircase; the Romanesque in crypt and portal; the choir arches; the Gothic aisles, and the Flamboyant door. In these pages he may not compare Strasbourg's clock with the complicated timepiece of Beauvais, its bas-relief of the "Death of the Virgin" with that at Amiens, nor its graceful, blindfolded Synagogue, its crowned Church, with those of the façade at Paris.

At Metz, the complexities of the situation are not



" AT BAYEUX. "

diminished. The traveller is confronted not only by a new and more or less praiseworthy west front erected through the care of a German overlord, but by the unmistakable "counterfeit presentment" of the Kaiser himself. It is here that the tension becomes somewhat relaxed. Not even the most patriotic Frenchman, standing on this beloved ground, could fail to smile at the sight of the graven image of a Protestant Emperor garbed as a Jewish Prophet and occupying the niche of a Catholic Cathedral,—a Daniel come surely to strange judgment, a very Wilhelm "en pénitence," fasting, and as religiously elevated as when one of "the family spells" is in control.



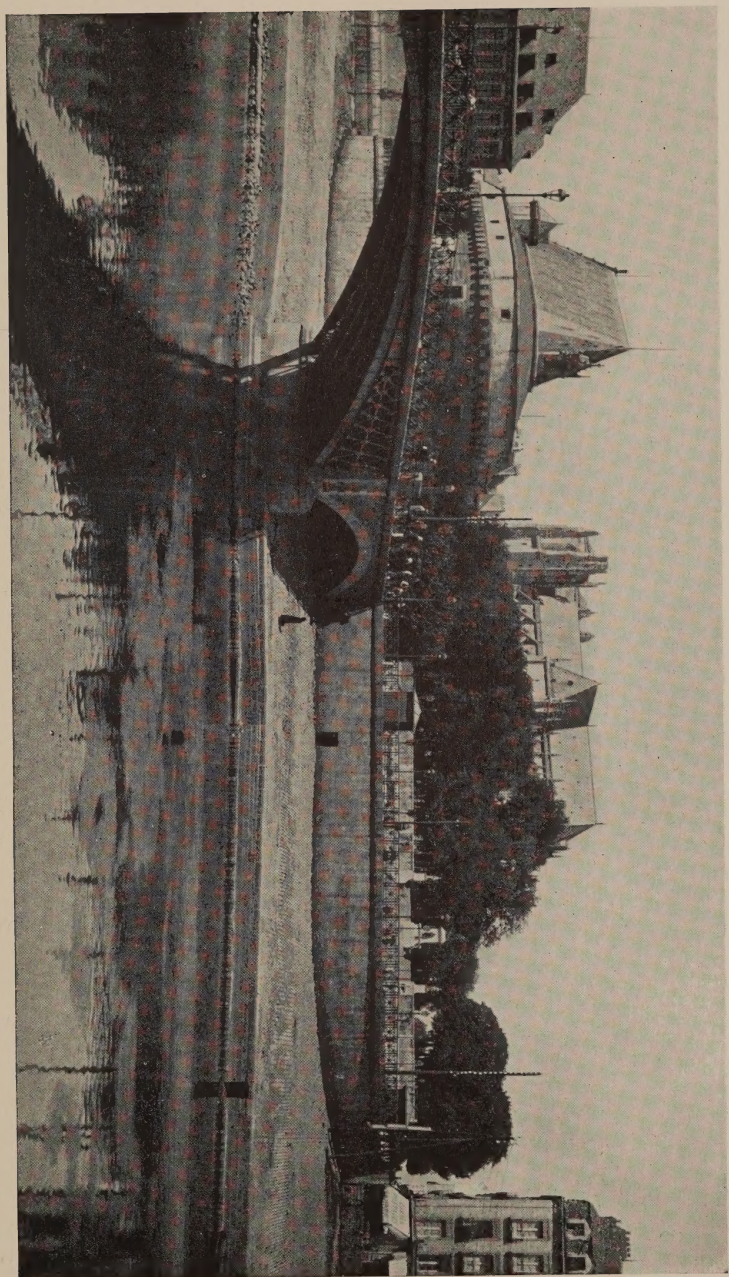
"THE POINTED ARCH."—EVREUX.

The modern threshold passed, one enters the grand,

mediaeval, Gothic nave, and studies with admiring delight its large magnificence and its details of glass and fresco and sculpture, its Crucifix, and quaint Entombment; and after having taken refuge on the roofs amid the birds that are perched in the slim forest of buttresses, after looking again over the plains and hills of Lorraine, one realises that, in spite of recent ill-fate, this is still and must always be the country of France's heroine, the land of Joan of Arc.

"All the misfortune of Alsace-Lorraine," once said an old school-teacher, peering above a pair of moist spectacles at a group of solemn French boys, "all the misfortune, I repeat, came from the circumstance that a certain boy had a couple of brothers instead of one, or perhaps instead of none at all"; and he proceeded to explain to them that the first boundary of France, the original Gaul, was the Rhine, that had Charlemagne had only two heirs, "undoubtedly he would have given to one the home kingdom, the west of the river, and to the other, his eastern possessions, with Saxony and the like territories of Frankish conquest. Or better yet, with a sole powerful descendant, the Frankish Empire, with its vassal, Teuton provinces, could have been preserved intact."

Instead of consolidation, the disintegrating policy inaugurated at Verdun was continued, until individual fiefs had grown so great that the King was less powerful than several among his lieges, and a number of princely houses of Europe "were struggling," with very reason-

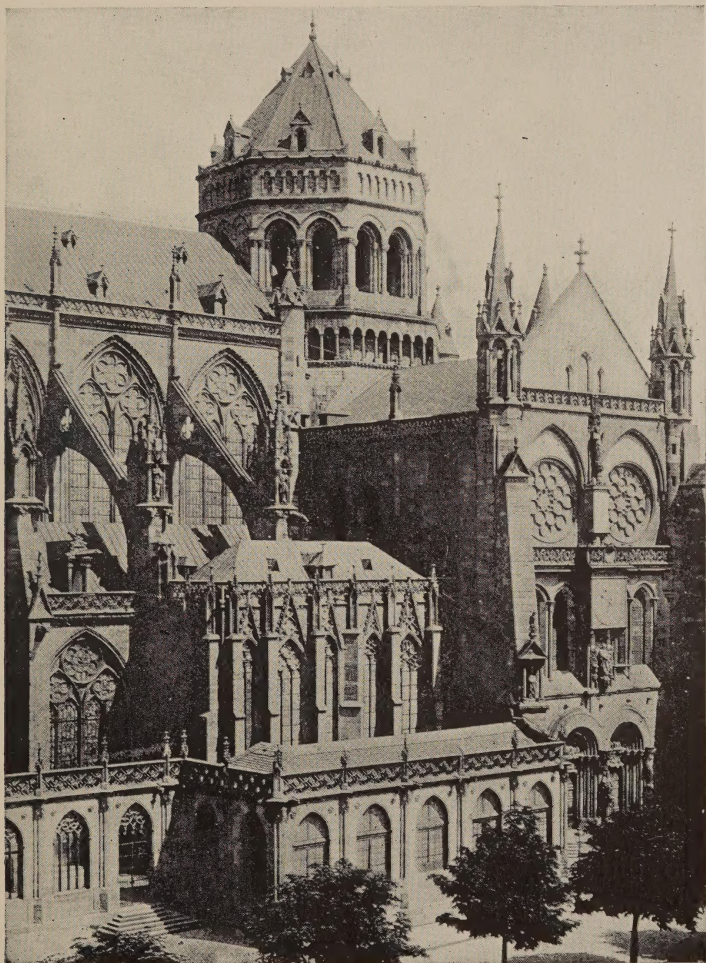


"THE CATHEDRAL AT NANTES."



"FROM THE TRIFORIUM."—COUTANCES.

able chances of success, "for regal rank and dominion." The XV century had half-way passed before the



"A TREASURE OF THE LOST PROVINCES."—STRASBOURG.

feudalism of the West was crushed; and, writes Michelet with characteristic humour, "that ancient, worn-out

tyrant gained vastly in the estimation of later generations by dying at the hands of a despot, Louis XI." It is a far cry from the days of the weaker monarchs,



"THE LOVELY CARVEN PULPIT."—STRASBOURG.

who did not actually rule farther southward than Orléans, to the time of the wily Valois when France, "hitherto exposed, had acquired her indispensable barrier, her girdle of Picardy, Burgundy, Provence, Roussillon, Maine, and Anjou."

It was during this epoch that Louis's minister, the

famous Cardinal Balue, was detected in a treasonable correspondence with the Burgundian Court, and that the Cardinal's friend, the Bishop of Verdun, was implicated in the matter. With such a pretext, the "Universal



"THE ROMANESQUE."—STRASBOURG.

Spider," who had woven so many webs and gathered so much in them, gladly stretched the threads over into Lorraine, and arrested his factotum and his factotum's ally.

"Unwilling to give scandal by consigning them to the speedy attention of his Provost Marshal, both

prelates and one a Prince of the Church, King Louis provided them with accommodation in a pair of iron cages, where they passed eleven years in tranquil



"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN."—STRASBOURG.

retirement, undisturbed by the tumults, unharassed by the temptations, of the world."

The polite ruler also sent troops to the aid of René II, Anthony the Good was brought up at the Court of Louis XII, and Charles III was educated at Paris, but the French tentatives were as yet in vain, and the Emperor solicitously continued to summon the Lorrainers as "German princes." The unhappy Dukes

were continually courted, continually harassed; and "in spite of . . . splendid alliances, . . . personal beauty, romantic ardour, graceful accomplishment, and varied talents, they never attained to . . . royalty"; and finally, in the XVII century, Francis deserted his loyal people, and exchanged Lorraine for "the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, the Austrian inheritance, the imperial title, and . . . the weight of Hapsburg stupidity."

During these scores of years, the Valois and Bourbon monarchs had never forgotten the ambition of their race,—to restore to France her natural boundaries, her ancient patrimony; and gradually, by alliances, diplomacy, and wars, their efforts were crowned with success. "Fair Verdun was opened to Henry II by the Cardinal Lorraine, its spiritual head"; and the King, leaving a garrison at Toul, pushed eastward. The citizens of free, independent Metz were not united



"THE GRACEFUL, BLINDFOLDED
SYNAGOGUE."—STRASBOURG.

in opposition to him; and so strong a garrison was admitted that, says the Chronicle, "after having reigned from time immemorial in . . . loftiness and presumption, the puissant city was reduced to obedience . . . in 1552."

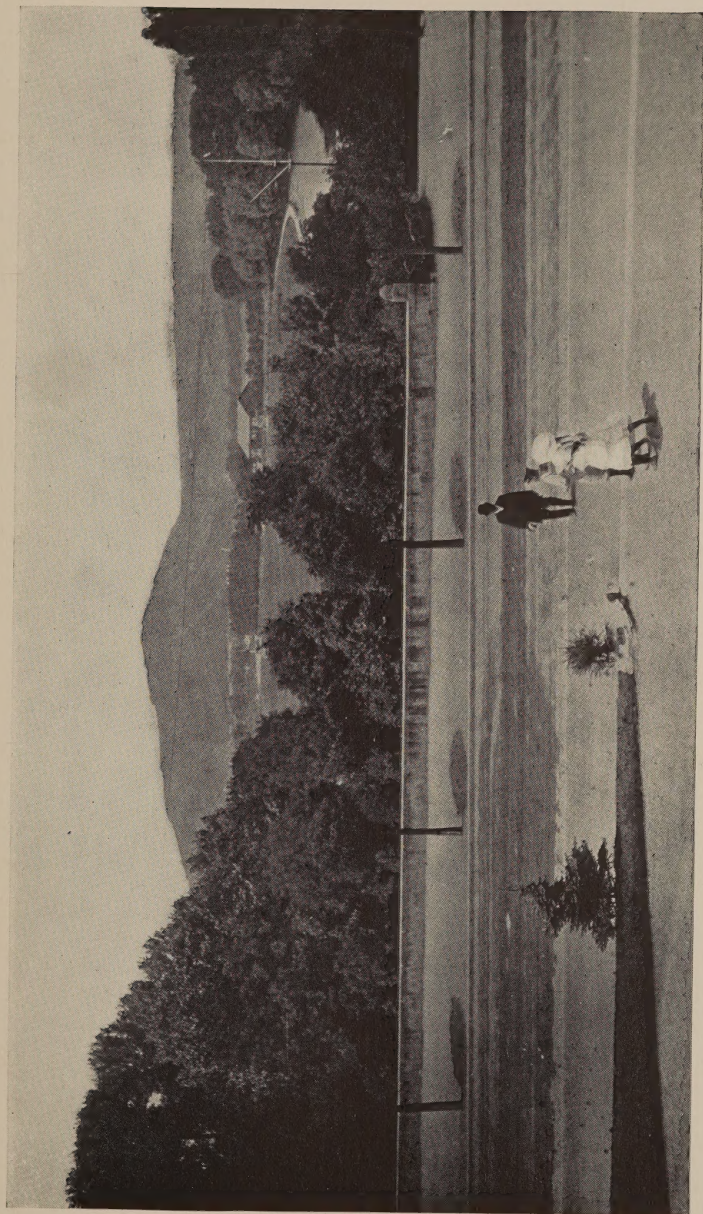


"THE CROWNED CHURCH."—STRASBOURG.

Within eight days, Henry made his solemn entry; and as at Toul, he swore to maintain the "rights, liberties, and prominence" of the stronghold. Almost all his powerful vassals accompanied him; and the Church was represented by three French Cardinals as remarkable for intellect as for position,—the Cardinal-Archbishop of Metz, the Cardinal-Prince of Lorraine, and the Cardinal de

Châtillon, the brother of Coligny, who was to die a Protestant and to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

"If startled, Charles V was not acquiescent," and he appeared before Metz with six thousand men, the

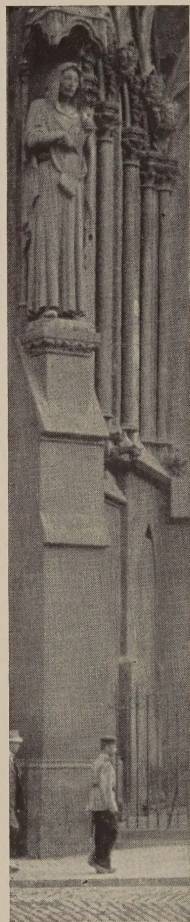


"AT METZ."

flower of Germany and Spain led by the famous Alva. In reply, "the noblesse of France and many brave common soldiers" hurried to take service under Francis of Guise in a siege as obstinate as the later ones of Haarlem, Leyden, or Port Arthur. "Storming parties were repulsed, breaches made by day were repaired by night, mines were rendered useless by countermines, cold and disease killed more than the sword; and in the middle of January, 1553, . . . the remnants of the Emperor's army . . . retreated . . . in pitiable plight,"—the ancient Gallic town of Metz had returned to its own.

Every one knows of the recovery of Strasbourg under Louis XIV, the prosperity of Alsace and Lorraine, and the new magnificence of Nancy under its French suzerains and its kindly, foreign Duke, the exiled Stanislas Leczinski of Poland.

But between that happier epoch and the present day, the "downfall" of 1870 has occurred,—and leaving the political consequences to the student of European civilisation, the traveller asks, what part of her eastern greatness remains to episcopal



"WILHELM, . . . FAST-
ING, . . . EN PÉNI-
TENCE."—METZ.

France? The answer is, four Cathedrals,—the exceedingly ugly Notre-Dame of Nancy, unpretending Verdun, Saint-Dié, fine and archaic, Toul with its distinguished Gothic, and three examples of that most beautiful form of Christian architecture, the Cloister.

In spite of haunting comparisons with the splendours of Strasbourg and Metz, the count is no mean one; and this is doubly true because only half the interest of a mediæval edifice lies in its material idiosyncrasies or its grandeur. The other half is bound up in its history, its traditions, and its procession of visitors, worshippers, and priests. Verdun has changed much since the times of Louis XI's Bishop and of the Cardinal de Guise, yet their names are indissolubly connected with the See; Saint-Dié has its holy memories; and were Toul the poorest chapel in Christendom, one could not enter it without emotion, for it was there that Joan of Arc came in her first efforts to obey the inspiration of "her Voices." Nowhere, except in the little home at Domremy, or on the road along the hillside where she watched her sheep, is the picture of the Holy Maid more human, more vivid.

If Nancy, Verdun, Toul, and Saint-Dié are "the remains" of episcopal Alsace-Lorraine, they are not, as those words imply, worthless or meretricious. They are venerable, notable foundations. To the artist, they present a series of pictures now somewhat monotonous, now truly mediocre, and oftener as truly



"THE CRUCIFIX."—METZ.



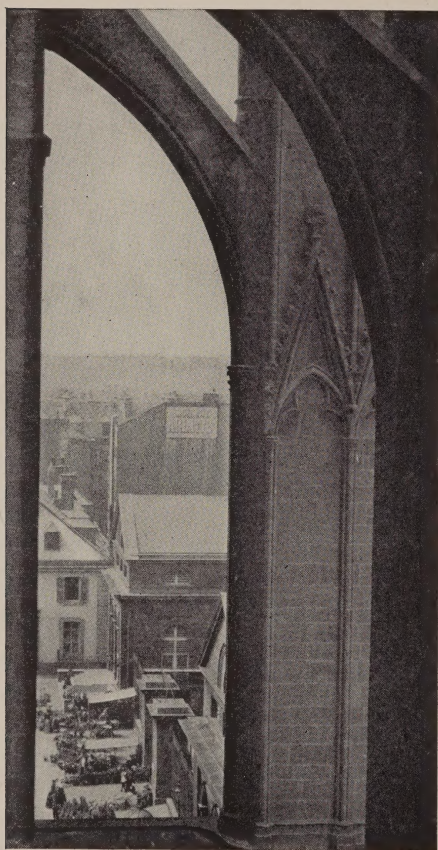
" THE ENTOMBMENT. "—METZ.

valuable, charming, or impressive; and the wandering student of to-day can spend many happy, profitable hours in the four Cathedrals,—keeping in faithful remembrance the sister-churches across the border-line.

Champagne. There is, perhaps, no decision made in this fallible world which from every point of view will appear entirely logical; and to consider the Cathedrals of Champagne without Reims and Troyes is to read Hamlet with both Hamlet and Ophelia “left out.” It seemed, however, necessary to study with the Isle-de-France those structures, built in the territory round about, which either were inspired by its genius or are so allied in architectural rank or spirit that the mention of one brings to the lips the name of the other. Laon, Reims, Bourges, Troyes, Amiens, and their peers form the noble fraternity of edifices which are at once kindred and diverse.

Those who care to distinguish between Gothic intricacies and fashions discover that the Champenois School is “rich in majestic, elaborate, and harmonious originalities.” But the demands of many subjects are insistent; and history, painting, music, literature, and even the sciences are presented in a guise so alluring that the modern “cosmopolitan” can read omnivorously and well without having time to decipher the intricacies of style. In Champagne, he will find not only the detail which appeals to the technician,

he will see broad, suggestive, contrasting conceptions,—the regal perfection of Reims and the suave grandeur



"A BUTTRESS OF THE CATHEDRAL."—METZ.

of Troyes; another mature structure in the beautiful, pointed nave of Châlons-sur-Marne; and a very different, early manifestation in Langres, the tentative, the dignified, "the archaic."

The hills, the fertile fields, and the immense vineyards which surround these cities make a pleasant and picturesque land; the history of its intellectual, religious, and social growth, written in the story of the

people and on the stones of the churches, is full of human interest; and it is a pity that within the proper limits of the "Cathedrals and Cloisters of the North," the names of such great Counts as Philip, the rise of

such ecclesiastics as Urban VI, the traditional biogra-



"WITH THE BIRDS OF THE ROOF."—METZ.

phy of such physicians as Saint-Pantaléon, can receive scarcely an "honourable mention."

The Nivernais. In the heart of France, hidden between powerful neighbours, lies a tiny province, the Nivernais. It is not in new books nor late books, not in text-books, nor attractive books, but in a few novels of past decades and, above all, in dull-looking, ponderous, dirty, old books, in "tomes" full of dust and little "critters" who devour the bindings, that the records of the semi-isolated, petty principality are

discovered,—records of events which happened in castle and town, which were whispered discreetly in the Confessional, often planned in a shadowy aisle or quiet chapel and pledged before the Altar.

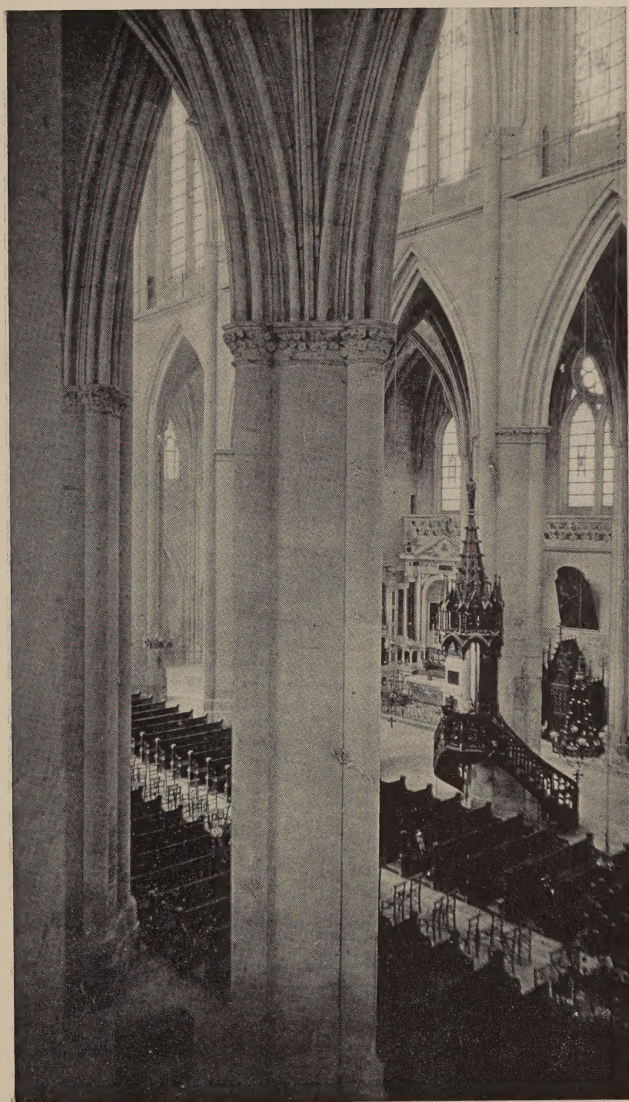
Although the small Duchy contained but two Bishoprics, Nevers and Clamecy, the Church governed much and influenced everywhere. In no part of the kingdom did it have more remarkable complications, more curious vexations, or a more intense and animated existence; and across the yellow pages of the Chronicle, like a band of Canterbury pilgrims, pass the motley processions of Dukes sweeping gaily along in satins and brocades, heroes of intrigue and of bold adventure, burghers, peasants, monks, and nuns, and prelates who have sometimes intellect, sometimes ambition, and sometimes a deep and tender piety.

In the XI century, Hugh II appeared at the Council of Reims, “accused of having obtained his See by purchase.” He admitted that his family had indeed spent large sums of money for the purpose, but protested that he had known nothing of it, and laying his Crozier at the feet of Leo IX, declared that he was ready to resign his office. In the XVI century, we meet one Spifarni or Spifami, a Bishop “less devout than scheming,” who was finally beheaded. We stand in the aisles where they have stood,—before Altar steps which they have mounted,—and we live again in that strange, cruel, and splendid epoch, the Middle Ages.

At Nevers, the Cathedral has a fine and dominant

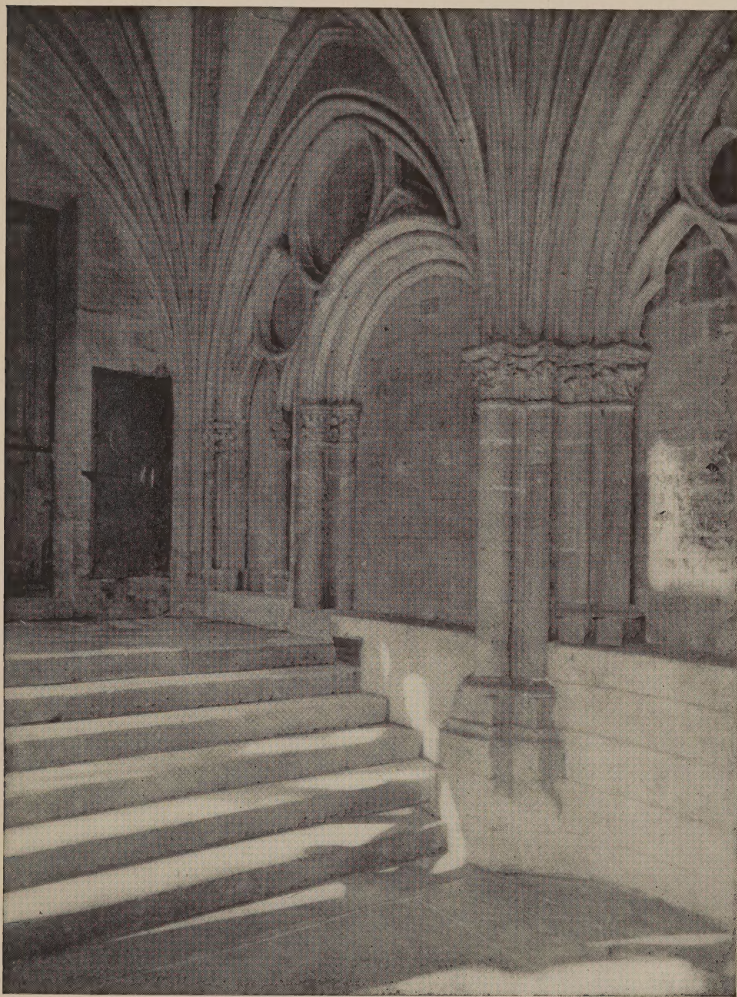


" IN FAIR VERDUN. "



"TOUL WITH ITS DISTINGUISHED GOTHIC."

position on the bluff above the Loire. Of exceedingly



"THE . . . BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF CHRISTIAN ART,—IN THE CLOISTER."—VERDUN.

unequal proportions, it is nevertheless an important building, and illustrates the good, if uncorrelated,

taste of many periods from the Romanesque to the Flamboyant. The dim frescoes of the "half-dome," the heavy walls of the crypt, and the rounded arches of the transept show the ancient style; and the pointed work is especially interesting because of the apse's buttresses, the elaborate tower with its statues of Prophets, Apostles, and Saints, the Caryatids and Angels of the triforium, and the varieties of charming foliage.

"One recognises," writes Prosper Mérimée, "all the growth of our woods and . . . fields, the leaf of the oak, the poplar, the reed, and the curly thistle. The perfection of the imitation and the delicacy of the workmanship are truly admirable, and the archivolts of the doors . . . bear witness to the patience and the skill of the sculptors of the XV century."

No kindred architecture exists at Clamecy,—the "Collégiale" on the hill was a rival to the Bishop's church, and it is across the river that one sees the material remains of the most curious See in France, the somewhat uneasy resting-place accorded to the prelate in exile, My Lord of Bethlehem.

Maine.

Three other small fiefs, also hidden in the interior of the country, contain Cathedrals of the North; and in each instance, the episcopal history is part of the story of one city. That of the Maine is incomparably the greatest; and in its honour, the traveller, acting like some bold brigand of old for the adornment



"THE ROAD ALONG THE HILL-SIDE."—DOMREMY.

of his patron Saint, takes pleasure in robbing Freeman of several pages which are at once an eloquent description of Saint-Julien and a suggestive comparison between it and another edifice of similar rank.

"Notre Dame of Chartres," begins our author, "is counted among the great churches of Christendom. Men speak of it in the same breath with Amiens and Ely. We suspect that many fairly well-informed persons scarcely know where . . . Le Mans is; its Cathedral is hardly ever spoken of, hardly at all known save to professed . . . students. Yet, except

Chartres is nearer Paris of the two, one is as accessible as the other. There is nothing at Chartres to set against the early military and domestic antiquities of Le Mans. The secondary churches of Le Mans distinctly surpass those of Chartres; though between the two Cathedrals . . . the controversy might be more equally waged. Each has . . . diverse merits; but we have little hesitation in preferring Le Mans even as a work of architecture, and that it is a building



"A BIRD OF METZ"—ON THE
CATHEDRAL.

of higher historic interest, there can be no doubt whatever.

"A Celtic hill-fort, crowning a height rising . . . from a river-side, has in each case grown into a Roman city, and the Roman city has remained to our own times the local capital, alike civil and ecclesiastical. The Cathedrals, . . . standing within their earliest enclosure, and therefore upon the highest ground of their respective cities, are about as unlike as any two . . . mediæval churches . . . can be. Well nigh the only point of resemblance is that each possesses a magnificent east end of the XIII century of the usual French plan, with apse, surrounding chapels, and the complicated system of flying buttresses.

"But, allowing for the diversity of the towers, which of course does not appear inside, Chartres is a whole, —a consistent harmonious whole. . . . Now, how does such a whole stand compared with a building of strange and, at first sight, unintelligible outline, formed by the juxtaposition of two parts, each of admirable merit in itself but which startle by their absolute contrast? . . .

"Chartres was made, Le Mans evidently grew; and different minds will be differently inclined in the comparison between a single, harmonious work of art and a union of two buildings widely differing in date, style, and proportion. . . . On the other hand, it must be said that nothing at Chartres equals the parts of Le Mans taken separately. . . .

"The general effect" of the latter Cathedral, "from



" THE GOTHIC'S EARLY MANIFESTATION AT LANGRES.

any point but the east, is certainly perplexing. From the east indeed," from the open square below, "the apse, with its flying-buttresses and surrounding chapels, rises in a grandeur before which Chartres is absolutely dwarfed, and which gives Amiens itself a very formidable rival.

"We here see the main source of our difficulties, namely that the church has but one high tower and that at the end of the south transept. Viewed from any other point—looking up, for instance, from the old town on the other side of the river—what one sees is a lofty body with a tower at one end of it, which one rashly assumes to be the nave, with a western tower and a lower body joining it at right angles. This last is the real nave of the church, and a magnificent building it is.

"The truth is that at Le Mans, as in various . . . churches in France, the Gothic builders from the XIII century onward designed a complete re-building. They began at the east, re-built choir and transepts, but they never got any farther, . . . and the ancient nave remains. So it is at Bordeaux and Toulouse, so in a certain sense at Limoges; so it is at Beauvais, where the small but precious fragment of early work which looks like an excrescence against the gigantic transept, the Basse-Œuvre as it is locally termed, is really the ancient nave. . . .

"In none of these cases, as far as we can see, can the elder nave have approached the grandeur of the noble work at Le Mans. . . . The only fault of the latter

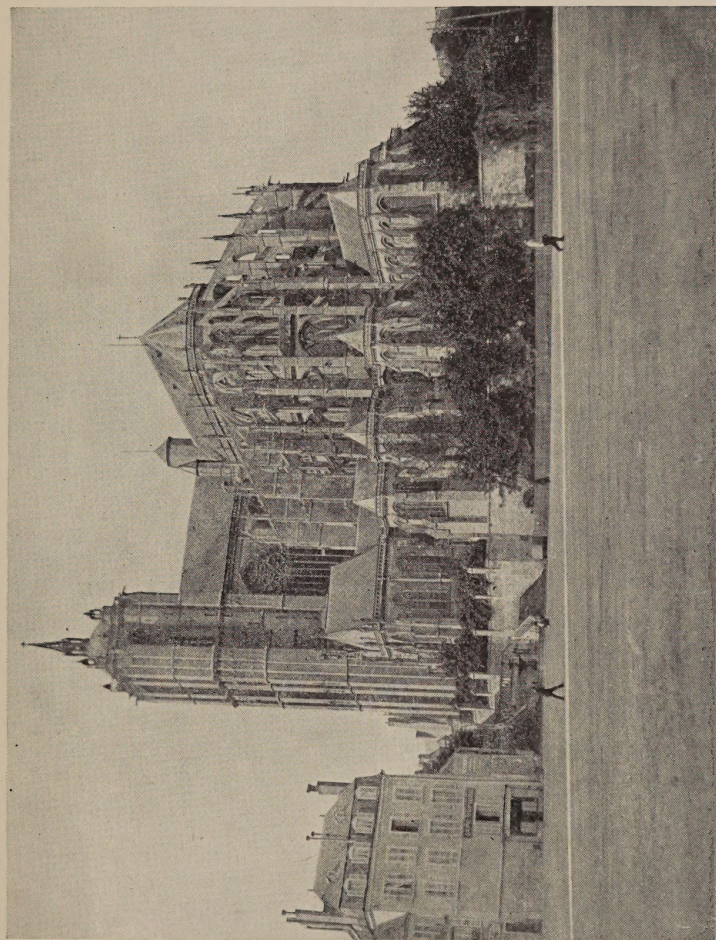
is that it ends abruptly to the east, without any choir arch. But this fault is fully balanced by the glorious view of the choir thus fully given to the whole church.

"That any one could compare the choir of Chartres with that of Le Mans seems incredible. Its height is said to be a few feet more than that of Chartres,—it looks half as high again. At Chartres, height is lost through the great width and the use of a low spring for the vaulting arch. At Le Mans, everything soars as only a French Gothic building can soar. Undoubtedly the XIII century work at Saint-Julien entitles it to rank among the noblest churches of the Middle Ages."

On the twentieth of Brumaire, year II of the Republic, the Mayor of the city announced that "this ancient house of error" was to be demolished; in 1797, "one, Boisquetin," wished to "transform it into a handkerchief factory"; and records state that the Ministers and the Directory were not unfavourable to either scheme. Fortunately no decisive action was taken; but after reading of such deliberations, jeopardising such a monument, one realises what irreparable architectural losses France suffered and what losses she escaped during the days of the Red Terror.

Anjou.

The name of Anjou evokes the memory of the proud, stern figure of its Fulk Nerra, of the equally proud Margaret, and of many other members of its mighty race. The myriad anecdotes and the pious



" SAINT-JULIEN DU MANS. "

and dramatic legends which belong to the fief lie outside the scope of these volumes. Angers, the one episcopal



"THE NOBLE WORK AT LE MANS."

city, has in itself a thousand reminiscences,—all of them do not cluster about Saint-Maurice, yet it is, both architecturally and historically, an interesting Cathedral.

Unfortunately, such praise cannot be bestowed upon the See of Laval.

Laval.

“Land of the Marsh,” between Brittany and France, the region was true debatable ground. It appears to have had few traditions before the IX century; and was known two hundred years later as a stronghold of Harno de Laval, who accompanied the Conqueror into England. With the construction of the castle of 1102, a new period of importance began; the strategic position of the fortress, on the Mayenne, gave to its barons a considerable degree of local power, and its mediæval records are full of extraordinary tales and adventures.

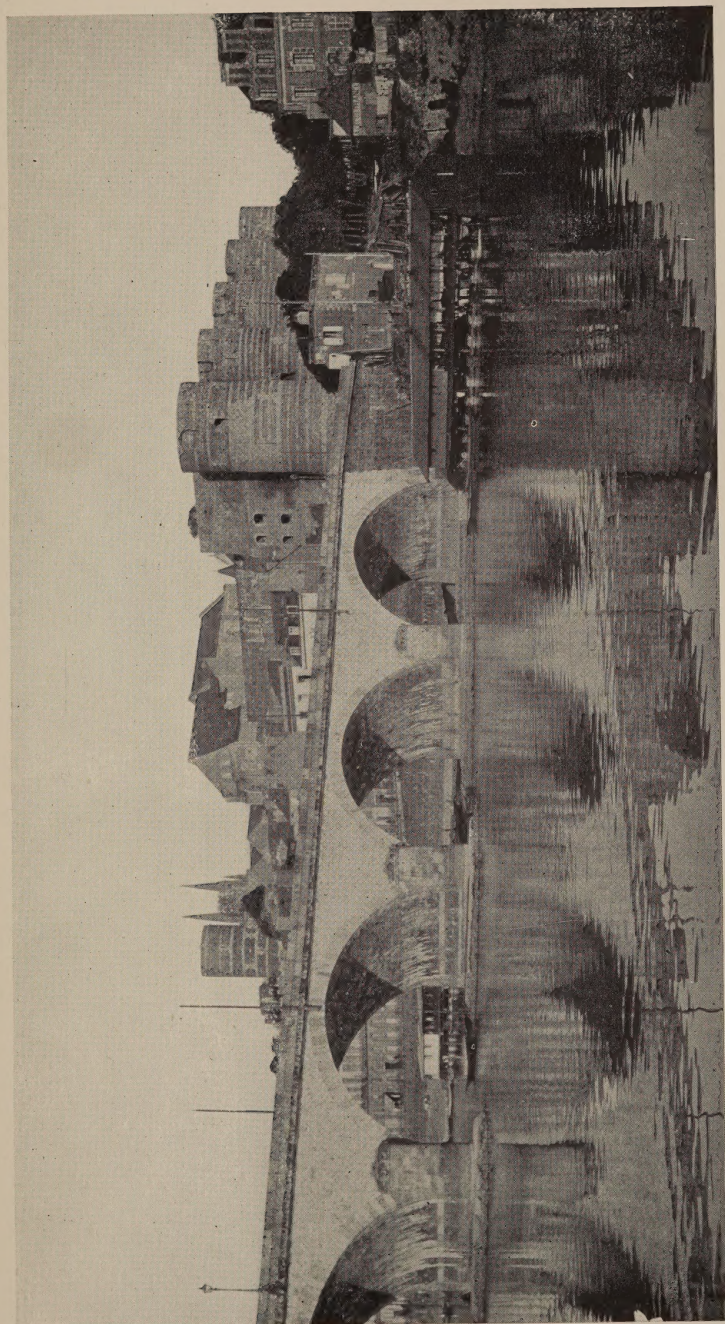
From its close geographical connection with Lower Maine, Laval also played an exciting rôle in the wars of the hunted Royalists and the desperate, hardy salt smugglers; and possesses thrilling chapters in the story of the Vendéens and the Chouanerie.

The Bishop's church is an old structure; but the Bishopric is a recent foundation, which stands on its venerable site like a young heir amid the graves of his ancestors,—its records barely commenced.

French

Flanders.

Of the large provinces which remain to the North, French Flanders is the least familiar. Erudite, pleasant, and valuable volumes of all kinds have been written about Brittany and Normandy; and except lack of interest, there is no reasonable



"ANGERS, THE . . . EPISCOPAL CITY, AND THE BASTIONS OF ITS CASTLE."

excuse for ignorance of the ancient Duchies. From Cathedral to shrine, from castle to inn, from noble to peasant, everything save the inexhaustible treasury



"THE GATE."—LAVAL.

of legend has been put into print. This interest is admirable and justified; and it seems remarkable that the North-east should have received only a tithe of the attention so lavishly bestowed upon its neighbour, the North-west.

The windmills of French Flanders are no less picturesque than those of the Netherlands; Lyzel, that clean, quaint, precise, little suburb of Saint-Omer, is not inaptly called "Holland à la française"; and the sweet chimes of Douai and its Town Hall, the handsome

Town Hall of Arras and its stately burgher houses, Hazebrouck, Lille, and Saint-Quentin, recall many another bell, building, and town of the Low Countries.

During the Middle Ages, the North-east was as



"BURGHER HOUSES OF ARRAS."

celebrated for its religious as for its civic architecture; and Théroutanne, Cambrai, Arras, and Saint-Omer had their rich Gothic Cathedrals. Unprecedented misfortune, however, followed the construction of this distinguished group,—and Saint-Omer alone has survived.

Although Arras and Cambrai again have episcopal churches, each was produced by an inferior School;



" AT SAINT-OMER. "

and it would be difficult to discover among the poorest plans of the XVIII and XIX centuries a conception which, from the artistic view-point, is more worthless than Notre-Dame of Cambrai.

To locate the seat of the fifth North-eastern Bishopric, Boulogne, is somewhat difficult. At the death of Charles the Bold, Louis XI gave it to Bertrand de la Tour; and then, repenting of his generosity, took it back in exchange for the Duchy of Lauraguais. The problem which now confronted the monarch was that of keeping what he had regained. He had no intention of resigning his trophy, yet it would have been perilous to have announced the fact that the fortress was in France; and after some cogitation, Louis decided to place it in the Kingdom of Heaven and to declare that henceforth no one save the Blessed Virgin should be its sovereign.

Thereupon he proceeded, with the utmost complacency, to interpret her wishes. "First," writes Michelet, "he created her Countess . . . and then received the city from her as her liegeman." Any one who disputed his right of possession disputed also the suzerainty of the Madonna, and would naturally be cut off from the help and sympathy of all truly orthodox princes on earth and from all aid of the celestial hosts.

To assure the Church, the people, and perhaps heaven also, of the binding nature of his unusual treaty, Louis came in person to "ratify it" in his coveted stronghold.

"Nothing was omitted from the ceremony. The church was thronged with witnesses, priests, and people, —for it was a famous pilgrimage shrine, filled with offerings, consecrated standards, arms, and memorable ex-votos hanging from walls and altars. Here the King entered, ungirt, bare-legged, and without spurs. He did homage to Our Lady, tendered her in sign of vassalage a . . . heart of gold, and swore that he would guard the city . . . for her."

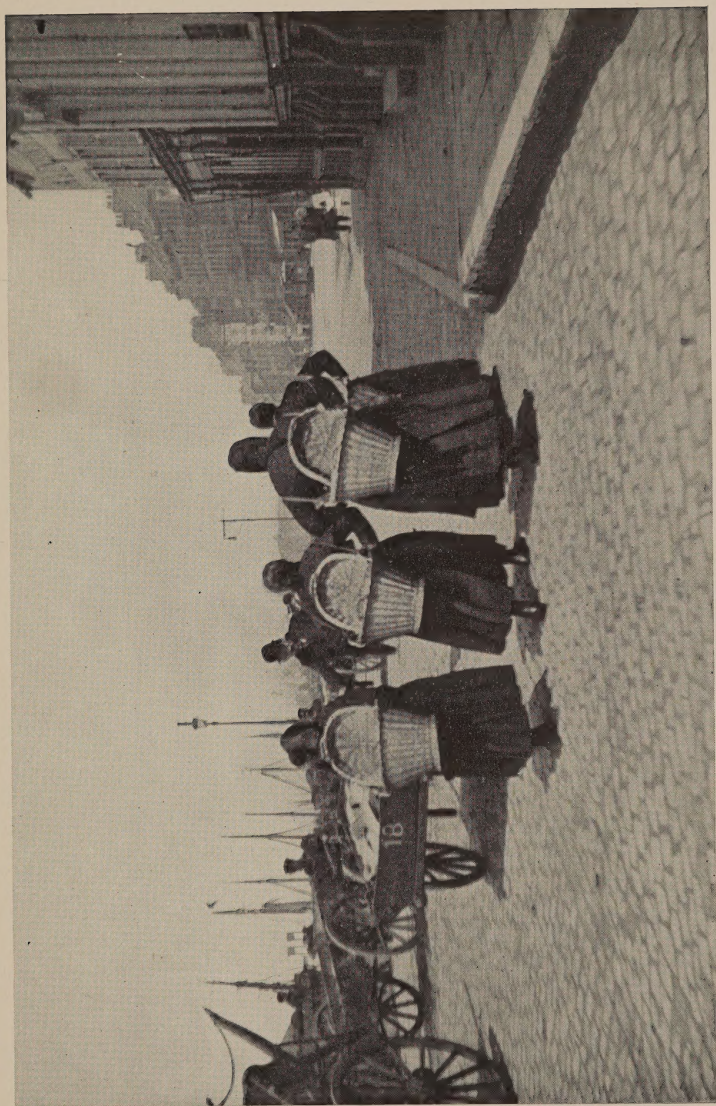
The edifice in which the scene occurred no longer exists; and Michelet gives us a curious little anecdote of the inception of the modern structure which encloses the miraculous statue of the Lady of Boulogne.

"Shortly before the year 1830," runs the story, "a young English lady waited on the Abbé Haffreignes. . . .

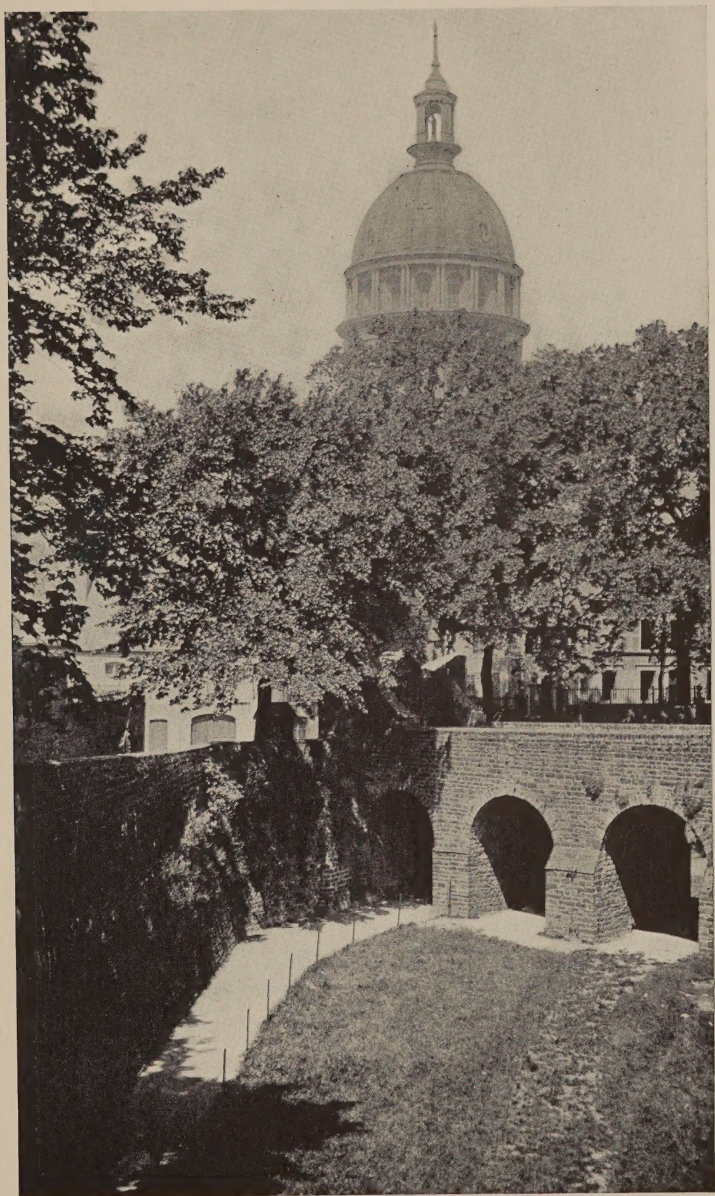
" 'I am aware, Monsieur l'Abbé,' she said, 'of your desire to re-build the Cathedral, the ruin of which was begun by my countrymen. As an Englishwoman, I would fain expiate their fault as much as lies in my power, and offer my subscription, it is very small, just twenty-five francs.'

" 'Mademoiselle,' replied the priest, 'your faith has decided me. To-morrow, the work shall be inaugurated and your twenty-five francs shall buy the first stone.' "

He immediately carried out his intention; "and has since expended" for the same purpose "five hundred thousand francs out of his means."



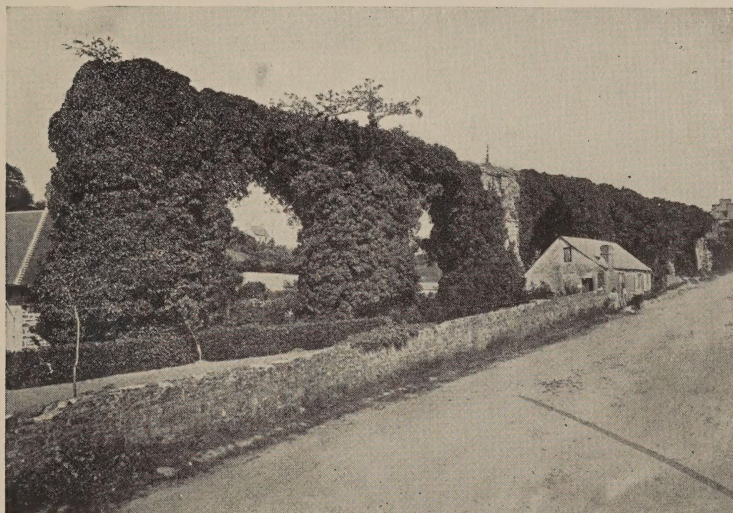
" AT BOULOGNE. "



"DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL."—BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

Normandy.

From its "Three Inns" to its noted Abbeys, Normandy is interesting. Having given a Conqueror to England, it attracts to its shores many visitors from across the Channel who wish to see the home of



"NORMANDY IS INTERESTING,"—THE RUINED ROMAN AQUEDUCT.—COUTANCES.

Duke William; having a seacoast, it is visited by throngs of happy pleasure-seekers; having built well, and possessing natural charm, it is sought by artists and those who love the picturesque, the harmonious, and the old,—in a word, Normandy throughout the fine season may be said to suffer a continual "invasion."

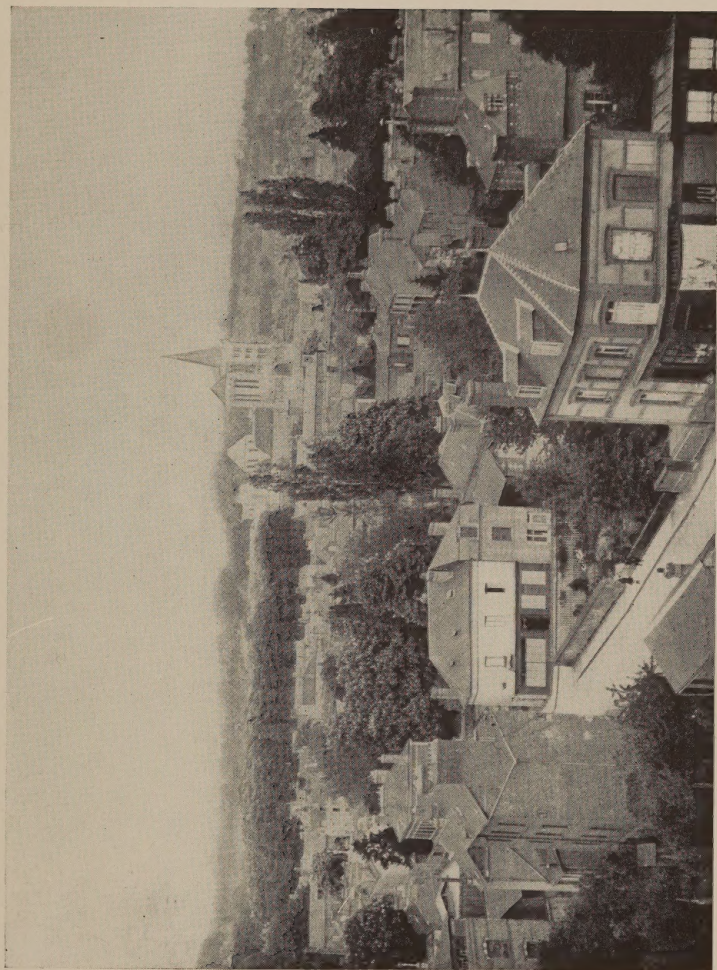
The Cathedral-seeker is bidden to proceed to Rouen, —and here, indeed, he finds a magnificent edifice; but

although more renowned and more opulent, Notre-Dame is the least characteristic of the Cathedrals of



"THE NORMAN ROMANESQUE."—BAYEUX.

the Duchy. Broadly speaking, it is without the dominant individuality of the Norman Gothic or the Norman



"THE TOWN."—LISIEUX.

Romanesque. Its pointed style is in large part akin to the cosmopolitan, the suave, and "accepted" manner, rather than to any local type; and in retrospect, the traveller feels small regret that Rouen was considered in contrast with sister-structures of the Isle-de-France.

What, it may be asked, are the traits peculiar to the provincial School? Negatively speaking, it confines itself to less ambitious dimensions, to creations of less awe-inspiring grandeur than those of the Royal Domain; it signally fails of perfection in the proportions of the higher stories of its naves; and moderate in its general use of ornament, it is there often unwisely profuse in elaborate carvings. On the other hand, the Normans produced a grave simplicity of form, an admirable effect of majestic austerity; and with the exclusion of Rouen, and the omission of Avranches because it has been long destroyed, four Cathedrals remain which illustrate completely their masters' art. Lisieux, perhaps the most conventional; Sées, especially in its choir, the most splendid; Evreux, in whose interior a nave with early, heavy outlines is ingeniously united to an apse of later and brilliant conception; Coutances, with the harmony and moderation of its ornament, the and the noble severity of its architectural spirit; and Bayeux, rising with imposing walls and magnificent towers and spires in the fertile plain of the Aure,—all proclaim the distinguished power of the native genius.

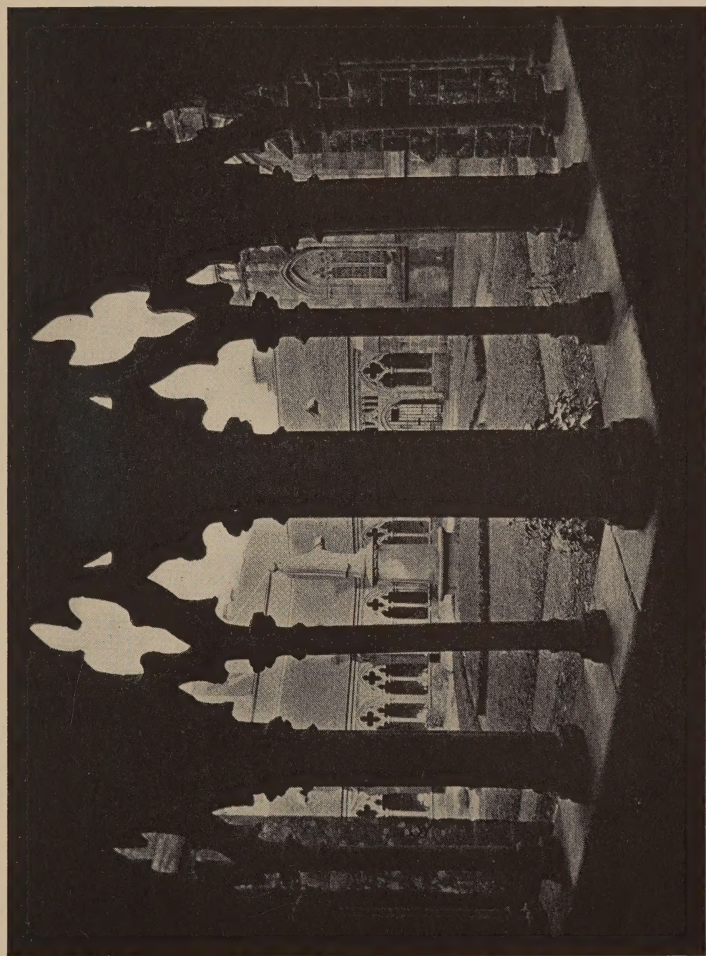
Brittany.

It is usual to consider the Bretons a very archaic people, to apply to their customs the popular adjective "delightful," to call their fashions "quaint," and to stigmatise many of their beliefs as "bigoted." Those who live in a section of the world "more modern" than Brittany are prone to look upon the inhabitant of that sea-bound land as belonging intellectually to a stone age or a period of bronze, and to feel removed from him by actual centuries of progress. If this be true, they seem to lose sight of the fact that the Breton is less alone in his conservatism than they in their enlightenment, that those who stand at the advanced outposts of human development have always been as lonely as the explorer at the Pole, and leave behind them multitudes, and even generations, who will not try to follow, and that these generations will continue contentedly in careless skepticism or in a credulity as complacent, ignoring both the real and the false signs of evolution.

If the folk of Finisterre are "backward," the same is true of some who live in the metropolis, and near the University gates; and in judging the people of the "Earth's End," it is not unsalutary to recollect in contrast a few pages of our past. It is not long since Saint-Simon wrote of a King whose habits at table would disgrace a kitchen-maid. Accumulated study and experience had taught our grandfathers "to strap men and women to a table and hold them down bodily



"A CORNER OF BRITTANY."—TRÉGUIER.



THE REMINDER OF "A GRAND, SUBLIME, MIRACULOUS PAST,"—TRÉGUIER.

while they were rended limb from limb, yelling and screeching in agony,—all in the name of surgery.”

And what has religion, gentle thought, and the aspiration of countless just souls accomplished toward the civilisation of general manners? The first years of our era we brand as pagan and relieve Christianity of unpleasant responsibility, the “Dark” and the “Middle Ages” are conveniently remote, and the Renaissance is now antique,—but what of happenings within the confines of our own days? France has had her Dreyfus, Spain her Ferrer, England her sacrifice of Gordon, America its Civil War, Germany revels in its brutal military ideals, and a nameless traffic disgraces the whole earth.

Let us then cease to patronise the Breton, and rather admire his old-fashioned dignity, piety, and self-respect; let us not smile when he “turns his back on the future,” for he “looks . . . at the Cross. . . . A grand, sublime, miraculous Past is contrasted in his mind with a poor, uninteresting Present, its mere appendix, and a Future without form or hope till the Last Day. The past is to him the great reality of the world,—the reality not of dilettantism, of forced reverence, of partial or fictitious interest, but of lifelong faith.”

The Church had—and still has—tremendous power; and here as elsewhere, “during the long . . . Middle Ages, those times of weak memory and half slumber, she alone kept watch; she alone wrote and kept her writings.

“And when she had not kept them,” continues Michelet, “so much the better for her; she re-modelled and amplified her papers.

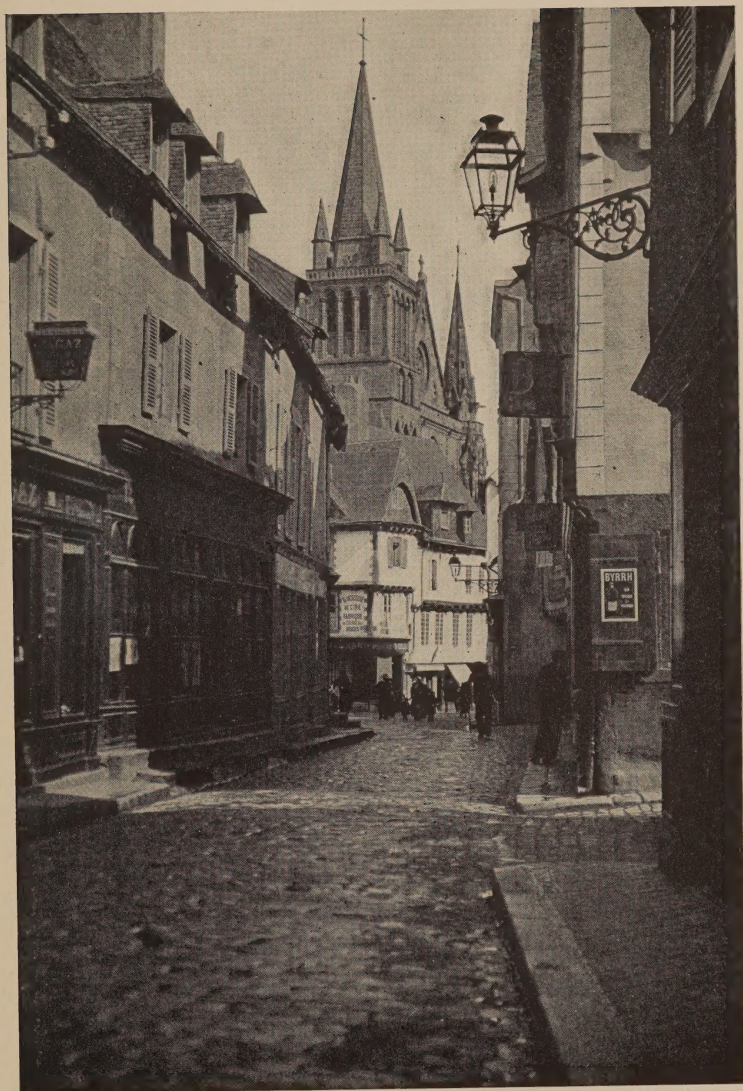
“There was this marvel in church-lands, they went on always enlarging; the holy hedges travelled miraculously. . . . All know the beautiful legend:

“While the King sleeps, the Bishop, on his little donkey, trots, trots, and . . . the ground he makes the round of is to be his;—in a moment he gains a province.

“The King is roused. ‘Sire, if you go on sleeping, he will ride around your kingdom.’ ”

The parable was almost true in Brittany; and at the opening of the XII century, prelates and Chapters, acknowledging no temporal suzerain, ruled none the less both in temporal and ecclesiastical affairs. Troubles inevitably ensued, but the Breton saw in them merely the human frailty which must at times dwell beneath the soutane, and doubtless applied to many trying situations the philosophy which one of his descendants used in speaking of an unworthy Curé of to-day, “What would you have? Our God sends us the good things of the Church, even though the devil bring them.”

Some minds, however, not as docile, have been diverted into more heretical channels. “Thievish as a Léonard, traitorous as a Trégorrois, silly as a Vannetais, and brutal as a Cornouaillais” was a rough pleasantry of the ancient epoch; yet in all seriousness, it may now



"A STREET IN BRITTANY."—VANNES.

be claimed that the province produces an ugly type of town workman; and in certain streets of Rennes and



"THE CHURCH, . . . THE CENTRE OF INTEREST."—TRÉGUIER.

Lorient, where the small cafés are too often filled with "drinkers of the yellow poison," one feels far removed

from the Terror of 1793 when "peasants and nobility went together to the scaffold, the former shouting 'Long live the King! We are going to Paradise.' "



" AT TRÉGUIER. "

Nor is the dissatisfaction confined to the unlearned. If the kernel of Breton orthodoxy is still sound, a canker of doubt is there; and in proof of the intellectual "modernity" which its devout citizens deplore, they point to its "classic" example,—Renan.

As is natural in a land of profound piety, the chapel

is the centre of the village interests. It is within its walls that the baby is baptised, the young folks are



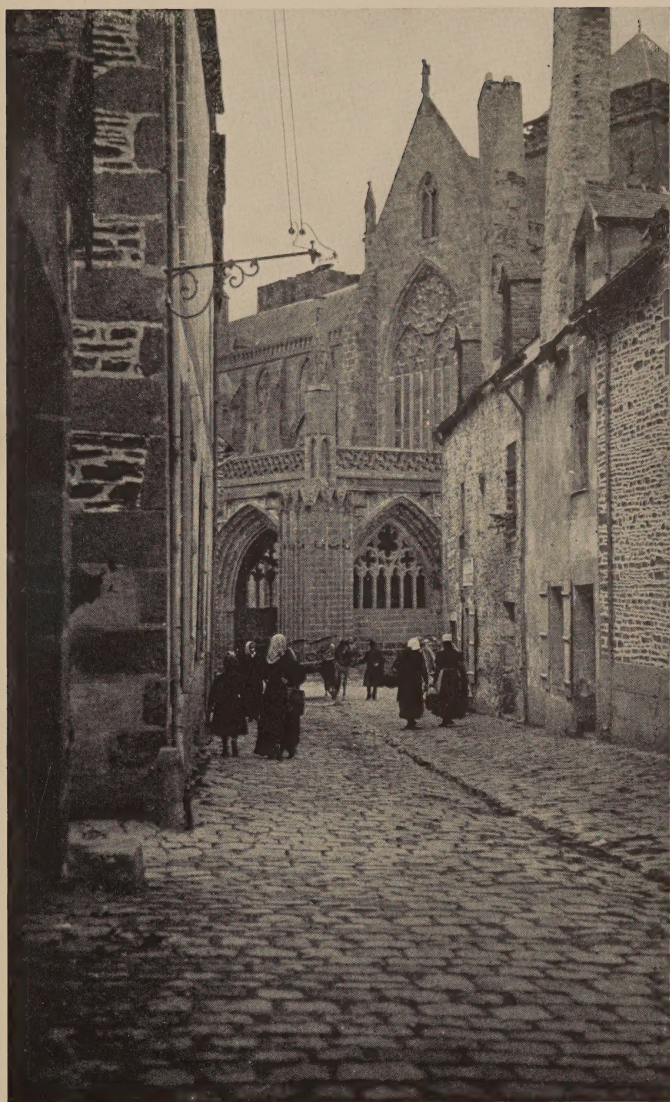
"THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT-MALO."

married, the farmer kneels to ask a blessing on his cattle, and finally, it is before the High Altar that the

dead rest and the priest prays that they may enjoy the "eternal light" of heaven. The parish churches everywhere are characteristic,—places of refuge and of comfort, spiritual homes. Everywhere they have the same traits, and who that knows Brittany is ignorant of their quiet, their damp atmosphere, their sweetish odours of old, burnt incense, their painted Saints, and their carvings in wood?

This "sculpture," writes Renan, "flourished long in Brittany. The statues of the Saints have an astounding realism; for plastic imaginations, they exist. I remember an honest man, not much more eccentric than others, who disappeared in the evenings when he could. Morning found him in the churches, in his shirt-sleeves, perspiring profusely. He had spent the night in taking the nails from the Hands and the Feet of the Crucified Christ, and in drawing the arrows from the body of Saint Sebastian."

Religion, lovingly cherished in the consecrated edifices and the hearts of the people, also has its symbols in a vast number of things animate and inanimate. A white sea-gull which flies after sunset around the ruined tower of Saint Michael of Tréguier, seeking to enter, is the soul of a priest longing to celebrate a Mass which he neglected. Fountains have frequently been the scene of wondrous deeds; and one is shown near Quimper in which, states sacred lore, a fish swam "always living, always whole," although Saint-Corentin daily cut it in half "to supply his food."



"THE PORCH AT DOL."



"THE SPIRES OF SAINT-CORENTIN."—QUIMPER.

Such wells and springs abound, and journeys to them are often made. The most famous of the local "holy places" to-day is not, however, a fountain, but the shrine of Saint Anne at Auray. In the mediæval era, the "great" pilgrimage was as popular, and its accomplishment was a feat,—for one journeyed far in this "voyage of the Seven Saints of Brittany," "from My Lord, Saint-Paterne, at Vannes, to Saint-Corentin at Quimper, onward to Monseigneur, Saint-Pol of Léon, thence to the tomb of Saint-Tugdual at Tréguier, again onward to the grave of the Patron of Saint-Brieuc, to Saint-Sampson at Dol, and to Saint-Malo."

Thus the ancient Breton visited seven of the ten "episcopal seats" of his province; and in the Cathedrals, the experience must have seemed strange as well as marvellous,—in Saint-Brieuc alone does the architecture approach the type of the little parish sanctuary, here only did he find the truly modest proportions, the low aisles, to which he was accustomed. Saint-Malo and Vannes are comparatively poor buildings, yet they are in a sense formal, they aspire to ambitious dignity; Rennes, not of the mediæval epoch and not on the route of "the journey," is a big, pretentious structure; and Saint-Servan is scarcely more than "a memory."

If not characteristic of the Breton style, the remaining Cathedrals are worthy of Breton piety. The white nave of Nantes, the porch at Dol, and the spires of Saint-André, Saint-Pol, and Saint-Corentin are a meagre tithe of their treasures.

“I say ‘Pater Noster’ in my village church,” said a devoted Abbé of the countryside, “but in our Cathedrals, my soul is uplifted, and I whisper a thousand times ‘Magnificat! Magnificat! Magnificat anima mea Dominum.’ ”

Alsace-Lorraine.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

Nancy.

Some hours after the Battle of Nancy, one of the parties sent out to search for Charles the Bold found his stiff, naked body embedded in the icy, marshy ground outside the city; and to-day, this historic spot, in an unpretending, open Square of the Faubourg Saint-Jean, is marked by a small stone,—the Cross of Burgundy.

The old capital of Lorraine has preserved so few relics of its mediæval past that it seems to belong almost entirely to the XVII, XVIII, and XIX centuries. Yet, even if there were no more significant material evidences of its former history than the little Cross, the traveller would not have completed his visit if he failed to stop beneath the modest memorial and to review those tragic and dramatic events which occurred here and changed the political destiny of Europe.

The site of the town, "in the midst of an extensive plain, watered by rivers, and bounded by distant mountains," was always "suggestive of future greatness." As the capital of such a Middle Kingdom as was planned by the "successors of Charlemagne, continuous with Germany and France, neutralising their

rivalry," and enhancing his own power, it was long coveted by Charles the Bold; its contemporaneous ruler, King René, naturally held to it with tenacious energy; and the astute French monarch, watching the struggle for mastery, hoped that eventually it would belong to the Crown.

Kirk's history of the final scenes of the drama reads like a romance of adventure. Once René had lost his fortress, once he had recovered it; but "as Charles was now at Toul, only twelve miles distant, he dared not enter lest he should be shut in and lose communication with Alsace. Charles, heavily reinforced from Luxembourg, attempted to bring René to battle; the latter's Alsatian troops, never willing to meet Burgundians without Swiss protection, demanded arrears of payment and abandoned him, leaving their cannon and baggage.

"Compelled to follow, René with his French lances and some of his own vassals, formed a rear-guard, a thick fog favouring their escape from the enemy. Nearing Nancy, he stopped only to send in there his best troops and officers, with the message that, 'since it was provisioned for two months, he would relieve it in that time or give up the contest.'"

Nancy was again besieged by Charles on the twenty-second of November, 1476. "Thus in a few weeks, affairs had been completely reversed. René was again an exile, his capital again besieged, and Lorraine, except along the Vosges, cleared of his armed adherents.

“Where he was to look for succour was a question admitting of only one answer,—the Swiss, now believed unconquerable by all Europe. . . . He lost no time; but before the Council of Berne, with streaming eyes, related the events that again made him a suppliant, and begged for effective assistance, not mere declarations in his favour. His auditors, much affected, were obliged to tell him that they could do nothing without the consent of the Confederated Cantons to whose Diet . . . he was referred. Here, in spite of the respect with which his well-prepared memorial was received, the Diet declined to order a general war-levy on all the Cantons in his favour; but, supplied alike with money and politic advice by King Louis, his special request to be allowed to enlist five or six thousand men . . . to serve in Lorraine . . . was granted, and recruiting went rapidly on. . . . This was the first muster in which . . . Switzerland sent out a body of troops as mercenaries in a foreign army. . . . Their claim satisfied, all set out in excellent humour, cheering René, who appeared, halberd on shoulder, distributing drink money to each company.

“The period for which Nancy had promised to hold out had already expired. Instead of lasting two months, its provisions had run short within one. The few horses made but a meagre addition; so dogs, cats, rats, and vermin of all kinds had become the regular diet. To both besiegers and besieged it had been a time of extreme hardship and obstinate endurance.

Charles's army had dwindled from twenty thousand to less than half that number. Thanks to the Bishop



"THE CROSS OF BURGUNDY."—NANCY.

of Metz, food had continued tolerably abundant. But alternate frosts and thaws had bound his camp in ice

or deluged it with water, causing hundreds to perish of cold, prostrating larger numbers with disease, and leading to wholesale desertions. . . . The siege was virtually turned into a blockade,—famine within the walls might be trusted to do its work. Charles promised himself an entrance on the sixth of January, the Day of Kings. Indeed, without the premature assurance of success with the Swiss from René, the town would have been already surrendered.

“On the morning of the fourth, . . . the vanguard of the relieving army entered Saint-Nicholas, some eight miles from the city; and signal lights in the steeple on the heights told the watchers of Nancy that help had at last arrived.

“Sunday, . . . the Vigil of the Kings, had come. Heavy rain the day before had washed the earth; that day rose calm and cold, by noon the snow fell thickly. All day long did Nancy wait and watch in wild anxiety as to what was happening in one short half league to the south-east, on which her fate must depend. The snow squall past, the sun shone out; there was one wild discharge of artillery and then no more; there were echoes in the air, there was silence. At length the pursued, the pursuers began to appear, and Nancy knew there was a rout and it was safe, and hastened to send a messenger for its Duke.

“The short, long winter’s day had closed. The citizens thronged gates and avenues with lighted torches when René appeared at seven o’clock. Bells

pealed, wild hurras went up, thousands of faces pinched with famine were radiant with joy. They had suffered for their lord,—the trophy they had raised before his Palace, the lofty, grisly pile built of the skulls of the vile animals that for weeks had been their only food, let it speak for them! . . . In the ecstasy of the night, the needs and means of relief were forgotten.

“The morning brought increasing conviction of the greatness of the victory,—from three to eight thousand of the enemy were slain. The only prisoners were the nobles, . . . the last Burgundian army was destroyed. The very day after the battle, the Swiss, anxious to return home, came for their third half month’s pay. René had yet no funds, but he mortgaged his Duchy for the amount; and accepting his promise to send it to Basle, they took a friendly leave, saying, ‘If the Duke of Burgundy is still alive and returns to disturb you, send for us again!’ ”

“ ‘Was Charles alive?’ asked the people, ‘If so, no doubt he would return, no hope the war was over.’ Messengers were sent at once to inquire, explore; the field was thoroughly searched. Horsemen went to Metz and neighbouring places to learn if he had passed. But none had seen, none could find him. Wild rumours at once started,—‘he was hidden in the woods,’ ‘he had assumed a religious garb.’ ”

It was afterward that they came upon a body, “horribly mangled, the cheek eaten away by wolf or famished dog, in whom they found the ‘puis-

sant Duke,' the 'Destroyer of Liège,' the 'Terror of France.' "

Four of René's nobles came with implements, cloth, and bier, women sent their veils to cover it; and borne into town, "through the principal streets to the house . . . where there is a suitable chamber," the body "is carried in and washed with wine and water. There are three principal wounds; but the first and sufficient one, the cleft of the head with the halberd, told its own tale,—the work of a Swiss. Wrapped in fine linen, the corpse is laid on a table; the head, covered with a cap of red satin, rests on a cushion of the same material. An Altar is raised beside it, waxen tapers are lighted, the room is hung with black; and his brother, his captive nobles, his surviving servants are bid to come and see if this is their Prince. They gather round, kneel, and weep, press his hands and feet to their breasts and lips. 'He was their good lord,' the last and greatest of his line.

"René comes, in long robes of state sweeping to the ground, stands beside the dead, uncovers the face, takes between his warm hands the cold right hand,—then falls upon his knees and sobs, 'Fair Cousin, . . . thou broughtest grave calamities and sorrow upon us, may God assoil thy soul!'"

For three centuries, the anniversary of these events was commemorated by ceremonies and processions around the Cross of the Faubourg Saint-Jean,—"and on these occasions, it was a deputation of Swiss who

carried the gauntlets, spurs, and personal equipment supposed to have belonged to the Duke of Burgundy."

Nancy has but scant relics of this and the previous mediæval periods, "of the Gothic towers and rich



"THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH."—NANCY.

façades with which early Princes, the Raouls, the Ferrys, the Renés, lined . . . the narrow streets.

"The broad, rectangular boulevards, spacious squares, splendid edifices," the Arch of Triumph, the fountains, and the superb gateways "bear the unmistakable stamp of a great but ruthless age,—that of Louis XIV."

Not far from the centre of this stately magnificence, like an uncouth beggar at the outer gate, stands the big, ugly Cathedral. Eastern France has several

monuments of the XVII and XVIII centuries, but for perversion of architectural taste, that of Nancy is



"LIKE AN UNCOUTH BEGGAR AT THE OUTER GATE, STANDS THE BIG, UGLY CATHEDRAL."—NANCY

excelled only by Cambrai. Neither edifice merits the most cursory description,—a glance at the façade with its two pagoda-like towers, a glance at the large, heavy nave, and at the aisle with its Christian effigies appar-

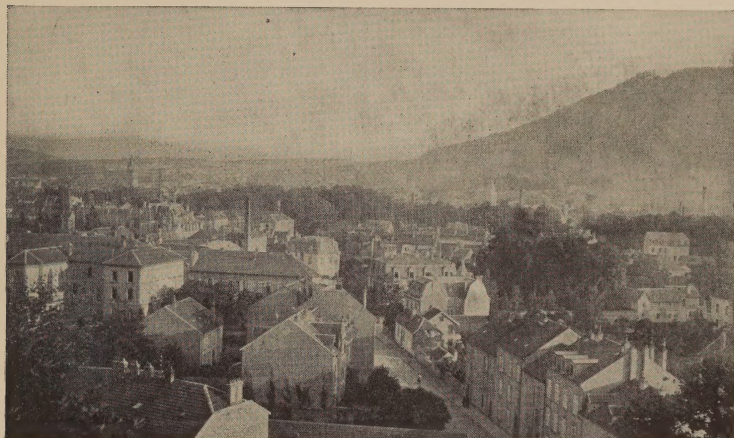
ently brought from Olympus, is sufficient to show that here Mansard and Boffrand planned another parody of the noble models of ancient Greece. The fresco in the cupola, painted by Jacquard, adds to the confusion of styles; and even the famous, hand-wrought screens of Jean Lamour lose their true effectiveness because, from the artistic view-point, they are not appropriate to their surroundings.

The Traveller, sadly disappointed in Saint Peter's, turns from it without regret. It is in political history that he has discovered his most inspiring guide to Lorraine's ancient stronghold; it is in the palatial capital of Charles III, Leopold, and Stanislas Leczinski, where fine ecclesiastical architecture is conspicuous by its absence, that he finds the Nancy so often called "the handsomest town in France."

Saint-Dié.

Several times a day, the train leaves Lunéville and slowly winds in and out the valley-land and comes to Saint-Dié, hidden in its corner of the Vosges, surrounded by mountains. As he approaches, the Cathedral-lover, anxious to discover the object of his search, looks above the roofs of the houses for slender spires which will tell of the presence of the Bishop's church. He sees, instead, two squat-towers, that might well belong to the ugly little parish chapel of any prosperous hamlet, and that are almost insignificant in the midst of a big cluster of buildings.

Statistics tell that Saint-Dié has almost as many inhabitants as Arras or Cambrai, but it has none of the appearance of a provincial metropolis. One broad avenue, which seems like the continuation of a country road, contains the principal shops, cafés, and hotels;



"SAINT-DIÉ, HIDDEN IN ITS CORNER OF THE VOSGES, SURROUNDED BY MOUNTAINS."

and other streets, some broad and others narrow, are merely quiet byways. Here and there rise the tall chimneys of "the industries," and here and there, one hears the buzz of the mill. Along the borders of the swift, narrow Meurthe, there are pretty walks; shady paths lead over several of the hills which dominate the valley; and from these heights, one looks down upon the comfortable town.

The Bishopric, created in 1777, suppressed, and re-established in 1823, fell heir to one of the most rare and

interesting religious foundations in Lorraine,—a lovely Cloister which has on its northern flank the small and precious Church of Notre-Dame, and on its south side the Capitulary Hall, the Library, and the Grande-église which became the Cathedral. By the union of several canonical properties, an estate suitable for the new prelate was secured, a XVII century mansion was converted into a Palace; and Monseigneur lived in state, with a park, terraces, and gardens about his house, and a handsome entrance-way which opened near the Cathedral.

The first glimpse of the episcopal foundation is that between the houses of a small street, and shows a great double stairway which leads to the door of a heavy "Doric" façade. Except for two statues which decorate the balustrade, Grecian nymphs strangely baptised Faith and Charity, this approach, the towers, and the western entrance are so big, and so sober in the rich, cedar colour of their stone, that their Pseudo-classic bareness and angularity have an austere impressiveness.

To leave the XVIII century far behind, one has only to enter the door,—behind it, one sees the remains of a portal of the XI century and comes immediately into a nave of the same period. History relates that the easternmost bay and half-bay were added in 1278, when the edifice was enlarged, and fortunately the archaic style was preserved.

The northern part dates from 1005; but sixty years



"ALONG THE BANKS OF THE SWIFT, NARROW MEURTHER."—SAINT-DIÉ.

later, after a fire, each of the three broad arches was divided by an added pillar into two arcades. In the southern portion, which had been entirely destroyed, the broad arches were not reproduced; and twin arcades were constructed, similar to those of the opposite wall.

Between the bays, an applied column rises to receive a capital on which, in turn, the ribs of the simple Gothic vault come to rest. A narrow frieze extends above the arcades, and each bay of the second upper stage is lighted by two plain, deep-set, round-headed windows.

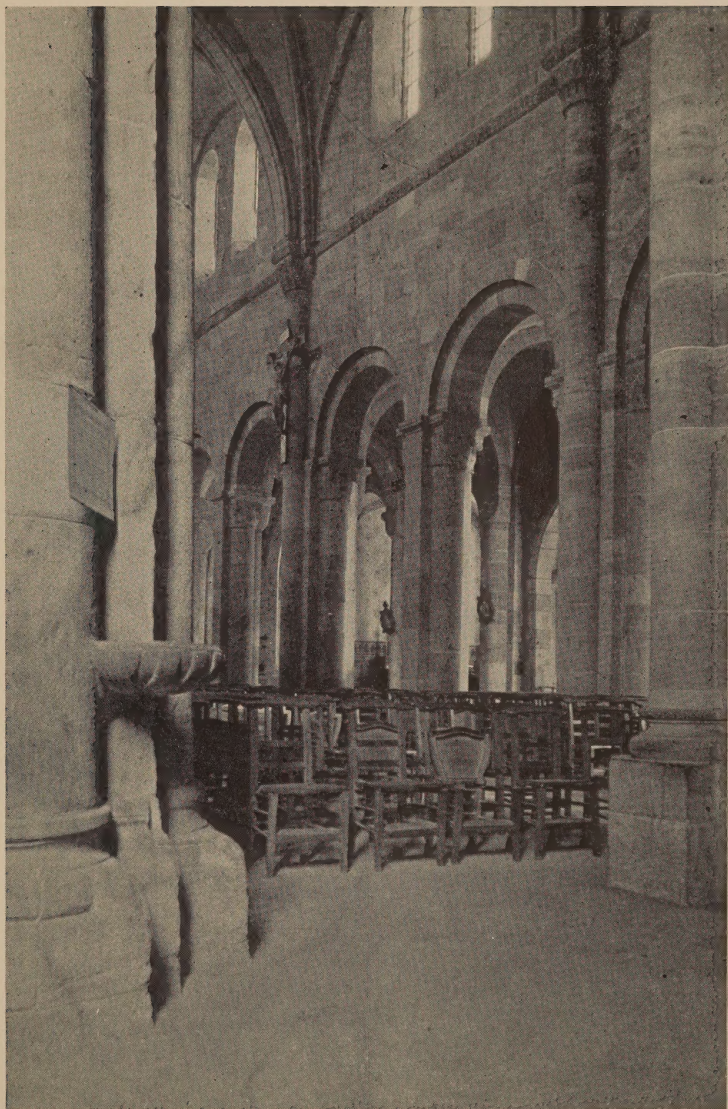
The capitals of many of the pillars show the most varied subjects elaborately carved,—Angels under a palm, griffons holding human heads, a priest blessing a kneeling penitent, and an individual, surrounded by fishes, who is presumably “Merlusse,” the celebrated Melusina.

The side-aisles, with their admirable barrel-vaulting, have a sober distinction; and until the days of the late Gothic, their unity of style was not disturbed. Then, however, the walls were pierced with pointed arches which led to the transepts and to the comparatively mediocre chapels, and the perfection of the earlier perspectives was gone.

In front of the nave rises the choir begun in 1252,—shallow and elongated, with the slender design, the high windows, and the decoration of the new School. The transepts which belong to the next century are of a generous and conventional type of their era. It soon

becomes evident to the visitor that the Gothic is excellently commonplace; and that the glory of the Grande-église, its Romanesque, is like a precious kernel, enveloped within comparatively uninteresting constructions of more advanced Schools, from that of the XIII century in the east to the Pseudo-Classic "frontispiece" of 1711.

Instead of mourning this lack of architectural congruity, those who read the history of Lorraine are filled with surprise and gratitude that any considerable remnant of its ancient sanctuaries should have survived to modern times. It is true that all the buildings which were subsequently given to episcopal Saint-Dié occupied a slight elevation on the little mountain of "Jointures," and that the locality—called "the Citadel"—was fortified in a remote epoch, and had been "reinforced in 1070 by towers and gates"; but the province was a mediæval battle-ground, and "destruction," "flames," and "ruin," are favourite words of the chroniclers. After the big conflagration of the XII century, it would seem as if the Grande-église had been abandoned; for, in 1203, the Provost used some of its stones in the walls of his new castle. Other "misfortunes" and depredations are too numerous to be mentioned. During the coming and going of the French and German armies between 1635 and 1685, at least a score of pillages are recorded; and a few years later, the Canons, explaining their failure to pay a certain sum, declared that it was "due to the burning of the



"THE GLORY OF THE GRANDE-ÉGLISE,—ITS ROMANESQUE."—SAINT-DIÉ.

two churches, Cloisters, and capitular houses. Their situation . . . being on the main highway for the passage of troops, they have been overthrown to the last desolation; so that within the memory of a man, they cannot be restored to the condition in which they were before the wars."

A door in the north aisle, behind the pulpit of the Cathedral, leads to a Cloister which, even in our less ecclesiastical age, has not been given over to abandonment, and is still a place of meditation both for devout laymen and for the brown-robed Fathers who often meet and talk there. The present "Gallery" does not, of course, date from the X century. It was begun in 1444; and three walks were finished after a graceful Gothic plan of the period. Each of their bays is decorated with an arch, divided by simple traceries into four compartments which are surmounted by an open trefoil. One walk was never completed; and for almost its entire length, consists of a temporary, wooden shed.

It is difficult to adequately tell of these "chapels" of out-door prayer. The type, size, and decoration of the vaulted aisles—in a word, the material description—may be easily given; but to define the charm of the holy spot—and each has its individual charm—is beyond the power of technical terms. It is not enough to write of the elegance of its style, the spaciousness of its walks, the generous proportions of its close,—the traveller must go to Saint-Dié, must see one of

the most lovely and impressive of the Cloisters of France.

Besides its own intrinsic beauty, it has a rare ornament, an exquisite, tiny pulpit, with a balcony, and a miniature sounding-board of stone upheld by two little round columns; and here the priest mounted to recite the Prayers for the Dead,—for until 1772, the close and Cloister served as the cemetery for both Canons and townspeople. Many entrances lead to this place of general sepulture, one from the apse of the Grande-église, another gate from the opposite direction, the door of the church's aisle, still another northern gate, and the two archways, which open into the close itself. In a spot so sacred to many families of the parish, one would expect to find a large number of monuments, and many once existed, and nearly all have disappeared.

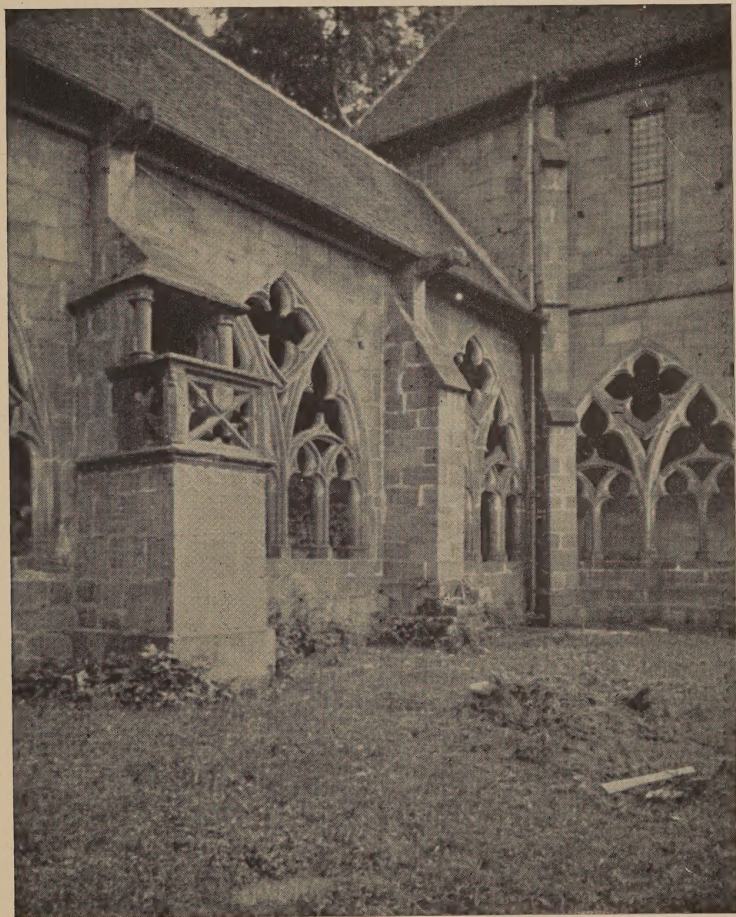
There is an archaic Virgin; the remains of a fresco of 1547 which represents Christina of Denmark, Regent of Lorraine, her young son, Charles III, and Nicholas de Vandemont; and a few other details that are equally worn.

The exterior of the Cathedral, with its Pseudo-Classic façade, its Gothic apse, and the flanking chapels, has lost its venerable aspect; even the fine southern portal is hidden behind a plain porch-way, and it seems as if almost all its antiquity were concealed inside some envelope of stone, protected from rain and storm. The Library of the XV century and the high transept are



"THE VAULTED AISLE,—THE CLOISTER."—SAINT-DIÉ

much more conspicuous than the mean flying-buttresses and small windows of the Romanesque nave, and



"A RARE ORNAMENT,—THE EXQUISITE, TINY PULPIT."—SAINT-DIÉ.

extend far above the south side of the Cloister.

On the northern side rises a low, long roof-line

which belongs to the remarkable *Petite-église*, the church in miniature where the Gothic has left scarcely a trace and the Romanesque is unspoiled. The central apse and the tiny absidioles, which stand in a damp, narrow courtyard, the door that opens into the Cloister, and an arch at the end of the north aisle are characteristically ornamented. The façade, said to be "Carlovingian," is bare and primitive, and composed chiefly of the broad base of a tower. Its first stage is pierced by unornamented, rounded arches; the second story is soberly decorated by two applied arches and their columns and a modest and pretty frieze. The belfry, which was burned, has never been replaced; the wall is surmounted by a big, wide pinnacle; and the simple, heavy western door is preceded by a narthex as massive but less severe. The capitals of the pillars applied at its angles and the bearded face on the key of the vaulting belong to the early School which carved deeply and richly, and yet was not prodigal in the number of its sculptures. On each side of the narthex and a few feet behind its square stage, there are the homely, awkward walls of the side-aisles.

The entire western front is tentative and unfinished, but it is also well-imagined; and when it can be entirely restored, it will illustrate, as do the apses, an unaffected and dignified conception.

Although the decoration is far simpler, the architectural disposition of the interior is essentially similar to that of the *Grande-église*; but no chapels disturb



‘ THE ARCHITECTURAL DISPOSITION OF THE INTERIOR IS . . . SIMILAR TO
THAT OF THE GRANDE-ÉGLISE. ’—SAINT DIÉ.

the perspectives, and there are no transepts and no Gothic choir. It is a pity that the vaulting of the nave is not, like that of the aisles, "barrelled"; but in the presence of so much unity and harmony of style, one structural anachronism is not a serious blemish, and the small, dimly lighted Sanctuary is beautiful, almost perfect in its material proportions and in its calm and religious charm.

Who can enter this holy and venerable place without a feeling of emotion? It was on its site that a disciple of Saint-Dié believed that he saw the Christ and received the command, "Build a temple in honour of My Mother"; it is here that the first oratory was consecrated in obedience to that command, here also that the good Deodonatus loved to come; and it was before the Altar, after his death, that the sorrowing Hidulph offered prayers for his departed friend. Archaeologists tell us that only a few stones, like that marked LOCUM, in the porch, can belong to the earliest epochs; but the site is that of the disciple's vision, and it has been the shrine of prayers for more than a thousand years.

Notre-Dame has few details. Intrinsic portions of the western interior, the window, and the arcade of the tribune resting on its two capitals and pillars, are extremely interesting; and the little chamber, separated from the tribune by a partition, is also ancient and quaint.

In the wise restoration of the XIX century, a piscina

of very early date was found in the south side of the central apse; and opposite, in a pointed niche, there is a statue which is supposed to be that of the Countess Richilde, a noble lady of the Middle Ages, the niece of Saint Leo, whom the Chapter recognised as a "benefactress."

The details of the Cathedral are more numerous. During our own times, it has been embellished by a marble figure of Joan of Arc and by a stately tomb erected in honour of the Bishops of the diocese. In the wall of the retrochoir stands a still more interesting tomb which formerly held the body of Saint-Dié himself,—a strong, plain sarcophagus, resting on two crouching lions.

Near-by, some worn frescoes may be distinguished; another, a "Saint Cecilia and Angels," adorns the southern transept; and yet another, the "Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple," given and perhaps painted by the celebrated Canon Vautrin de Lud, has been recently discovered behind the wood-work of the north transept. But a picture which would surpass all these in psychological value still lies under the stucco of 1478. This scene was "executed" thirty years after the death of the Grand Provost, Matthew of Lorraine, and from an engraving made in 1600, we know that it represents him robed in episcopal vestments and accompanied by Duke Simon II and the Emperor Henry VI. The Canons, who ordered the very correct monument, wrote that they considered Matthew a "devoted protector."



"IN A GOTHIC NICHE, THERE IS A STATUE, . . . THE COUNTESS RICHELDE."
SAINT-DIÉ.

On the other hand, a monk of good repute, Richer de Senones, accuses the Churchman of the most terrible crimes, chronicles that he was assassinated by his nephew, Duke Thiébaud, and that his body, at first buried in a "wooden coffin and suspended from the roof of his castle," was finally thrown into a ditch.

Not content with a wicked life, continues Richer, he pursues his evil course after death; and always a renowned shot, he has become the Wild Huntsman of the region. To-day, according to popular tradition, he leads the Royal Chase through the air; and at night, one can see his troop, "black against the sky, and one can hear the cavaliers howling and blowing their silvery horns." Whatever the course of the fantastic company which "thus rises from the depths to frighten mortal souls," it is constrained to pause near "the plateau on which is the Cross of Saint George," patron of the Dukes of Lorraine; and that valiant warrior pierces the "Damned Hunter" with his spear, "after which, Matthew, his beauteous daughter, Alédia, and all their train are sent back into hell again." No one who sees the painting of the Chase can fail to hope that the portrait of the "Alsatian Hell King" kneeling in holy vestments, the reverse of the picture as it were, may eventually be uncovered in the Grande-église.

But the Church in the Vosges had many ecclesiastics of entirely different reputation; and it is to them, and to a few laymen who were their associates, that Saint-Dié owes much of its recent repute and its relations with

a new world. A local historian, explaining this real, yet remote connection, tells us that, "At the beginning of the XV century, literature and the sciences were held in great honour in the city; and in 1410, Pierre d'Ailly," a Grand Provost, worthy of the rank, "wrote a book, the 'Imago Mundi' . . . an authoritative geographical work which acquired a universal reputation. In his book . . . d'Ailly was the first to support the new and bold theory that unknown lands existed and that, in going from Europe towards the West, one would reach the Indies and arrive, en route, at other strange countries. The thesis, though daring for the times, was well calculated to tempt adventurous spirits.

"Copies of the 'Imago Mundi,' reached even Spain and Portugal; and Christopher Columbus, who had already studied divers treatises . . . on the shape of the earth was, it is said, fascinated by the Grand Provost's idea, and it was after repeatedly reading the book from Saint-Dié that he decided to undertake his famous voyage."

Every one knows the result of the voyage, and every one also knows that Columbus died, "poor and forsaken," in 1506, that Americus Vesputius crossed the sea, wrote of his journeys, and died in his turn in 1512.

Meanwhile, Saint-Dié, ignorant of the potent influence of the "Imago Mundi," was continuing to deserve the reputation of a provincial centre of letters. Another of its priests, Vautrin de Lud, had given the money for

one of the first printing-presses of Lorraine; his nephew, Nicolas, had installed the machine in his house; and a number of erudite persons were joined together in "literary pursuits" and in the production of books. They had even formed a "Gymnasium Vosagense," whose more learned membership included besides the de Luds, several Canons; Peter de Blaru, poet-historian and author of "La Nancéide"; Jean Basin; Martin Waldseemüller, a geographer . . . printer, and engraver; the citizen, Ringmann; a well-known humanist, Dr. Symphorien Champier; and the biographer, John Almys.

This society had decided to edit a "Cosmographiæ Introductio," and had been delighted to receive a copy of Americus Vespucius's letters. As Columbus had left no record of his journeys, it is improbable that the Gymnasium had heard of his exploits; and much impressed by the meagre story of the new lands, they wrote in their Introductio, "There is a fourth part of the world which Americus Vespucius has discovered and which, for this reason, we would denominate America." Later, they reiterate, "A fourth part of the world has been discovered by the navigator, Americus Vespucius. Therefore we do not see why the name of this man of genius should be withheld from these countries."

At first, the book was cordially received; then, superseded, it was ignored until the middle of the XIX century, when it came to the attention of Alexander von Humboldt. The careful scientist saw that it

contained words which would clear Vespuccius from the stigma which has so long lain upon him,—that of having claimed the glory which belonged to another. For the Italian could have come to the notice of the authors of the manuscript only through his writings,



"THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE 'COSMOGRAPHIÆ INTRODUCTIO' WAS PRINTED."
SAINT-DIÉ.

and could, therefore, have had no personal part in the naming of the Western continent.

According to later documents, it would seem as if the men of Saint-Dié had "builded better than they knew," and that "the word America has a native as well as a European origin. The official publications of the State of Nicaragua and the works of Belt and Marcou leave no doubt in this respect. America is an Indian word which designated the highest lands of Nicaragua, in whose plateaus gold had been gathered in abundance. When Columbus in his fourth voyage

demanded of the aborigines whence came the metal of their utensils and ornaments, they pointed to the mountains, saying repeatedly, 'America, America.'

"Thus the term became at once to the companions of Columbus, and rapidly to all adventurers, sailors, and traders, the synonym of 'El Dorado,' the land of gold; and besides designating the centre, it easily received the greatest extension and was applied to the whole country." So that "it may now be affirmed that Columbus, had he lived, would have offered no protest against the appellation."

The name having been given in good faith, and having finally proven acceptable from a philological standpoint, it became the pleasant duty of both French and Americans to acknowledge "the sponsors from the Vosges." In 1911, four hundred years after the death of Ringmann, the chief among these savants, Saint-Dié joyously declared itself "the god-mother" of the new world, held a festival in honour of its learned printers, and in the presence of the ambassador of the United States and many other dignitaries, placed this inscription on the house in which the "*Cosmographiæ Introductio*" was printed:

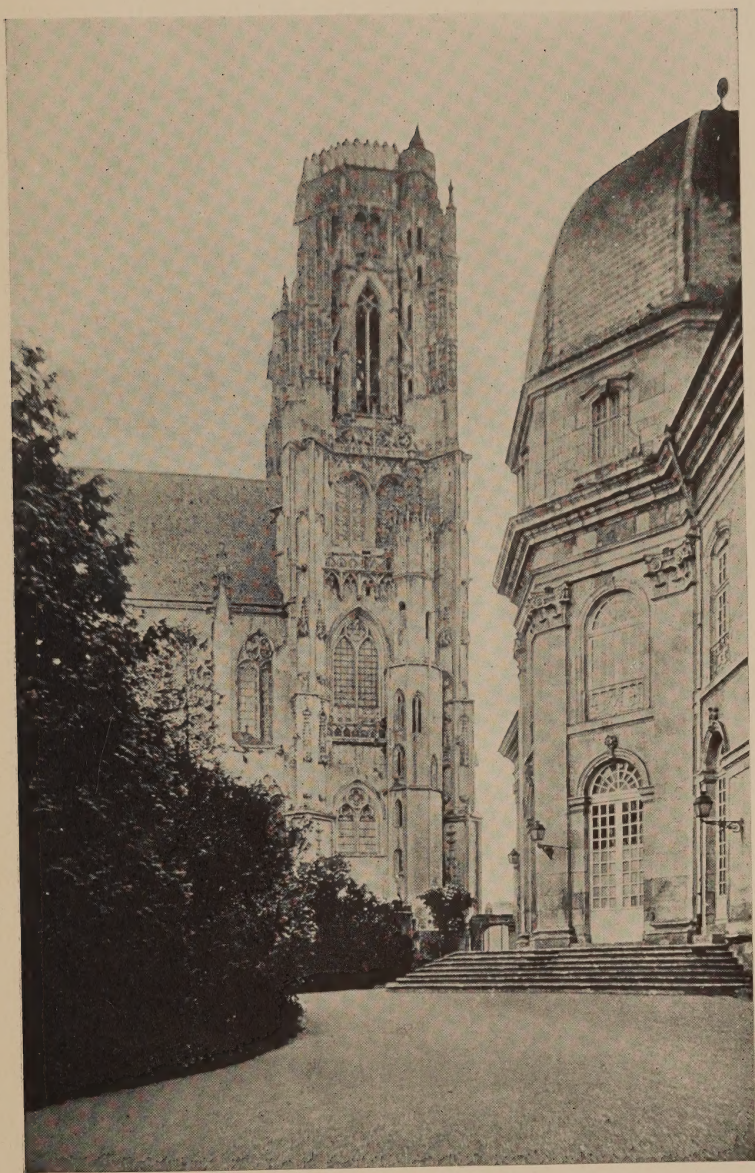
TO THE SPONSORS OF AMERICA,
THE CANONS GAUTHIER LUD, JEAN BASIN, MARTIN
WALDSEEMÜLLER
AND TO NICOLAS LUD, MATTHIAS RINGMANN, THEIR
COLLABORATORS.

Toul.

In the III century, there was a Gallo-Roman metropolis called "Toul the Golden," which prospered so mightily in succeeding epochs that, before 1700, it was the home of a Bishop who had within the ramparts seventeen churches, and within the diocese, "two Duchies, two Principalities, four Marquisates, . . . and Counties, several baronial fiefs, and thirty-three burgs." By its neighbours, the episcopal stronghold was dubbed "powerful, odorous, noisy, and backbiting." It had chosen for its own motto, "a city pious, ancient, and faithful."

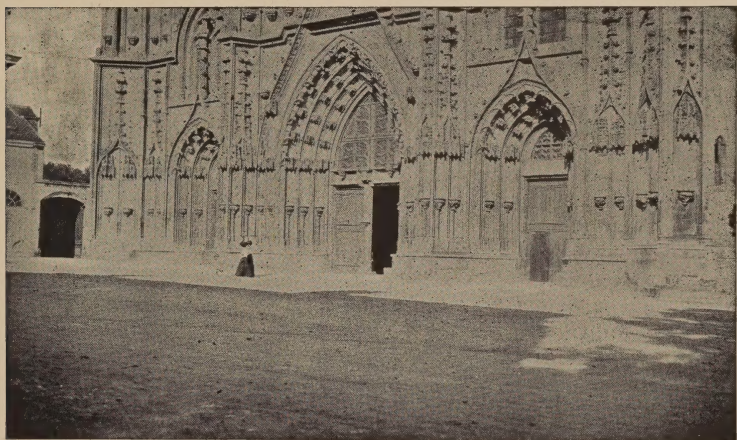
More than half a mile from the railroad, in the valley of the Moselle, there lies to-day a town of twelve thousand inhabitants. Two churches tower above the mass of its low roofs, and small shops and houses with bowed shutters line its narrow streets. It appears to be pre-ordained to the uneventful life of the provinces, and has missed this destiny because it is too near a danger-line, the frontier. Soldiers throng its cafés and clatter along its pavements. Such is modern Toul, "a fortress of the first class." As its military importance has increased, its ecclesiastical greatness has vanished; and the Cathedral, standing apart in a quiet square, is a place of comparative solitude.

It is surprising to find amid such modest surroundings, in a remote corner of France, in a monument unheralded by many competent critics, such distinguished qualities as belong to Saint Stephen's. Its western front



"THE TOWER, . . . CHARMINGLY EXECUTED, . . . AND CROWNED WITH A
DIADEM."—TOUL.

may be unqualifiedly termed magnificent, and Fergusson applies to it the same praise which he bestows on that of the celebrated Tours. "Their most remarkable features," he writes, "are the façades, both of late date, each possessing two towers terminating in octagonal lanterns, with details verging on the style



"THE PORTALS HAVE SIMPLE, PLEASING ORNAMENTATION."—TOUL.

of the Renaissance, and yet so Gothic . . . and so charmingly executed as almost to induce the belief, in spite of the fanciful extravagance which it displays, that the architects were approaching to something new and beautiful when the mania for classical details overtook them."

In its "frontispiece," Toul far excels the more renowned Tours. As a whole, the latter is excessively elongated, the former has admirable proportions; the

portals of the one are profusely opulent, those of Toul have simple and pleasing regularity of ornamentation; the rose and the pinnaced galleries of Saint-Gatien surpass those of Saint Stephen, but the belfries of Tours are poor indeed in comparison with those of Toul. Here, stage succeeds stage with harmony, delicacy, and without monotony; all the decorations, however varied, have been made subordinate to the general symmetry; and those who carved at the top of the façade neither forgot nor ignored the art of their predecessors.

Above the lateral doors, the tiers of windows and balustrades alternate; and the highest story is pierced by lancets, flanked by turrets, and crowned with an exquisite diadem. A gable overshadows the central portal, and a gable shelters the rose; and the galleries are of consonant pattern. In a word, there is in the whole conception an impressive unity of luxuriance and a "sweet reasonableness" of plan. The Flamboyant exalted the value of arabesque, vines, and scrolls, and almost neglected the grander "scenic" sculpture; it could never have the interest of the mature Gothic, but of its lovely, less intellectual School, Saint Stephen has a superb example. Tours was given few statues, and without them is not very much mutilated. In justice to its makers, it should be remembered that Toul, on the contrary, had, besides its fleurs-de-lys, added through gratitude to the Valois, sixty-seven diminutive groups, and seventy-two large figures,

which made it much more religiously and munificently beautiful than it now is.

Constructed between 1460 and 1547, the names of the builders are known, and honours are contested. Bishops advised; Aubry de Briel, an Archdeacon, certainly lent the aid of his wise judgment; and it is probably to Jacquemin de Commercy's pencil that the actual design is due. Whoever the men, all honour is theirs, for in Renaissance days, they clung with astounding fidelity to the best Flamboyant ideals; and even the inappropriate little lantern which rises somewhat ineptly between the Western towers is "pointed" and has none of the incongruous pomposity of that of Angers.

Of a plain and serious type of the XIV century, the side-walls contrast strikingly with the façade. They have gargoyles and a frieze, their flying-buttresses are severely utilitarian, and it is the fine windows, "each in two divisions and surmounted by a rose," which are impressive. The transepts, still plainer, are almost gaunt,—sheer masses of heavy masonry which are a ponderous setting for the long lancets and handsome northern and southern windows.

Above the crossing rises the "Cupola of the Golden Apple," which has a collection of medallions representing a strange assemblage of benefactors,—Saint Stephen, with three stones in memory of his martyrdom; Saint-Gérard, a holy Bishop and founder of a Cathedral of Toul; René of Lorraine, Louis XI, and several other

patrons of the church who offered generous gifts. In itself curious, the structure is comparatively Lilliputian, and absurdly inappropriate on its perch at the intersection of the vast roofs.

Where choir and transepts meet, are the trunks of towers, covered with squat and unsuitable "bonnets." The upper stories of one side having fallen in 1561, those of the opposite side were demolished "for the sake of symmetry," and it is in an etching preserved in the library of the city of Nancy that one sees Saint Stephen in the glory of its four belfries. In their present condition, the deformed choir-towers seem an integral portion of the eastern end; and like the transepts, they were begun in a pre-Flamboyant period, the XIII century.

The apse has the exceedingly elongated windows that are virtually magnificent lancets, its straight, supporting piles are not too prominent, a wide and pretty diapering extends below the roof-line, the ornamental balustrade has its high, slim pinnacles; and far from being gaunt, the entire construction has dignity and a certain, measured elegance. It is very unlike the accepted model of the Isle-de-France with its forest of flying-buttresses, and might be termed a Gothic evolution of the rounded Romanesque apse,—more lofty, angular, and imposing.

Along the north flank extend the one-time episcopal gardens; and near-by is the Palace of the Bishop, now the Town Hall. This mansion, made after the

fashion of the XVIII century, is spacious and handsome in a purely conventional manner, and is particularly noteworthy because it was the residence of the remark-



"THE CLOISTER . . . HAS BEEN PARTIALLY RESTORED."—TOUL.

able and saintly prelate described in "Les Misérables" as "Monseigneur Bienvenu."

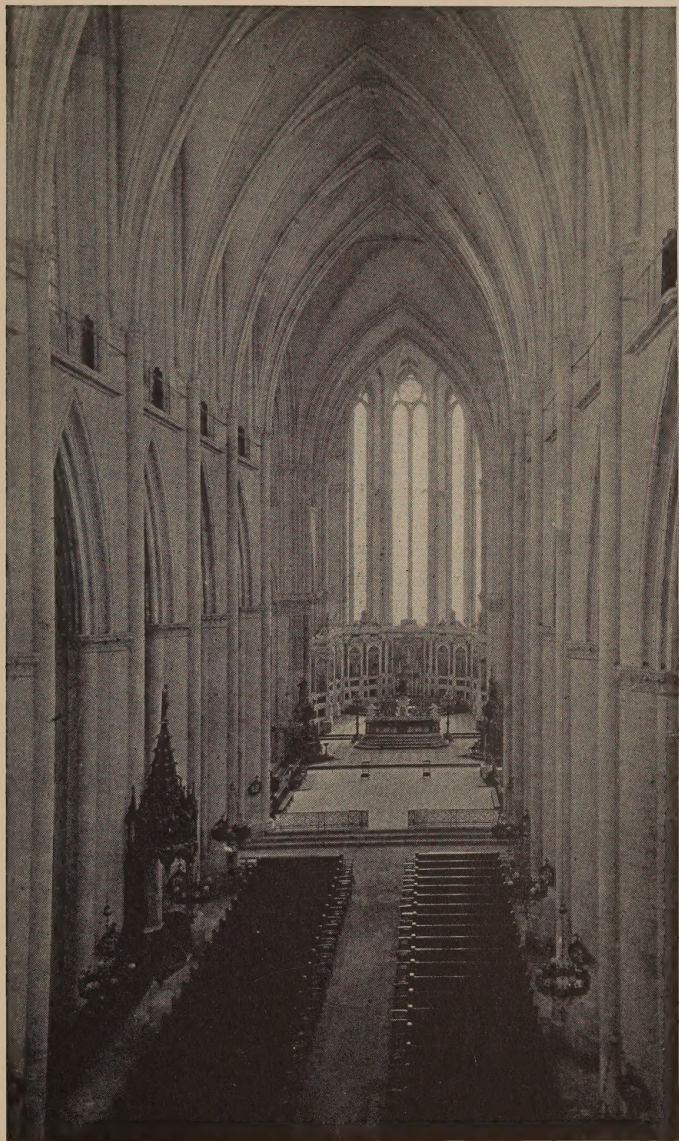
The Cloister lies on Saint Stephen's southern flank, and has three walks which were much injured during the Revolution and have been partially and intelligently restored.

Commenced in 1240, they were completed within a hundred years. Each bay has twin arches and an oculus within an arch which has, as its apex, another and bigger oculus. The sustaining clustered columns and small, isolated pillars have lovely, foliated capitals;

the inner walls are decorated with arcades; and under each arcade there was formerly a tiny bas-relief, whose actors were placed on a carved ledge. A catalogue of facts is here, as always, inadequate to express what might be called the indwelling architectural spirit. Toul is reminiscent of Noyon and of that which Soissons must have been. It is, however, without the melancholy of Calvin's shady walks; it has not the poetry of the little, neighbouring Saint-Gengoult; but more splendid than either, with its broad close and its outlook on the Cathedral, it is one of the largest and most stately of French Cloisters.

It has several entrance-ways,—a high arch into the close, the mutilated portal which leads to the street, the quaint doors of the apartments of rector and vicars who live over the walks, and at the top of a flight of steps, the principal portal which belongs to the church itself.

In mounting these steps, one sees through a stone grating the Chapel of the Dead, which used to be filled with funeral memorials. Above it, a more important oratory, which has been under the care of several heavenly Patrons, is now being restored in honour of Joan of Arc. Externally, it looks like a pavilion of the Renaissance, and although foreign to the surrounding Gothic, it is effective. It is reached from the south aisle by a stairway and a rather pompous entrance. A less ornate entrance in the opposite aisle belongs to the pendant chapel, which was built between 1525



"THE NAVE, . . . WITH LOFTY, POINTED ARCHES."—TOUL.

and 1537 and has the pretentiousness of Italian stucco, modified by native taste and good dimensions.

A door hidden in the depths of the choir opens into a tiny Gothic cellule, the "Chapel of Holy Thursday." An altar stands at one end; and near the sacred table, twelve miniature steps lead to a subterranean alcove like that which is above ground. No inscriptions are found here, and the silent and almost secret nooks are full of the mystery of isolation and abandonment.

Another chapel contains the "Manger," a sculptured scene "gracefully cut by Ignatius Robert in 1690." The subject is "wholly Christian"; and the style is "of a rich Corinthian order" and as wholly pagan; God the Father is a replica of Jove, and the Angels are delightful Cupids. On account of its value as an agreeable work of art it is fitting that it should be preserved—in a museum, rather than as the altar-piece of a place of prayer.

All the chapels are extraneous to the plan of the Cathedral; and by a happy disposition are so segregated that they do not intrude upon the general perspectives. Various altars have been placed in the aisles and beneath the arcades. They are, however, artificial, "made" chapels; and originally, Saint Stephen consisted of three aisles, a choir, and transepts.

In the interior as on its exterior, the choir differs from the accepted Gothic model. It is simply an immense, dignified, semicircular Sanctuary, pierced with lancet-like windows. The lower of its two divi-

sions is said to be adorned with blind arches; but in the XVII and XVIII centuries, these were concealed behind a "classic" wainscoting of marbles, whose panels hold paintings by Jacquard, the decorator of the cupola of Nancy. It is almost needless to add that until this intrusive embellishment is removed, the whole structure is essentially disfigured.

The transepts of one large bay, as wide as the nave, also have blind arcades and a stone ledge protected by a carven balustrade, and the single window in each terminating wall is handsomely traceried and of colossal and imposing size.

Between transepts and choir, two stories of the truncated towers are so arranged that they open into the edifice,—a novel disposition which is at once elegant, artistic, and beautiful. Their first story has two slender arches, leading into a square compartment whose outer walls resemble, in smaller scale, those of the transepts. The second stage, not in itself so elevated, has exquisitely formed bays similar to those of the Cloister, and looks like a light and aërial upper chapel.

The nave rises to height of a hundred and seventeen feet, and has only two tiers,—very lofty and extremely pointed arches and a tall, well-formed clerestory. A walk at the base of the windows is merely a useful device and almost unnoticeable. The gravity and purity of the plan are admirable; with the exception of the narrow, foliated bands of the capitals, and the keys in the dim altitude of the vaulting, there is no

sculpture. The XIV century was in an austere mood, and its creation is imprint with a noble asceticism.

The side-aisles have their clerestory and shallow alcoves that are suitable for confessionals; a balustraded walk suggesting a triforium exists in their eastern bays, and the entire effect should be unusual and excellent; but as some of the windows are blocked by masonry and the alcoves are filled with statues and altars that are æsthetically incongruous, much of the symmetry of this part of the building is marred.

The western end terminates after the fashion of the eastern extremity of the aisles, in the light and graceful chambers of the belfries. The interior decoration of the façade has its rose and its glass tympana; and if it does not deserve the transcendent renown of a Tours, it is not unworthy of the comparison.

Toul has many treasures which appeal to the piety or the artistic sense of its visitors. One of the best is the so-called "Chair of Saint-Gérard," an episcopal seat "of the XIII century," claims Viollet-le-Duc, "whose shape as well as details are foreign to antique traditions. . . . The sculpture," he continues, "is free, rich without being heavy, and perfectly proportioned to the little monument. It would be difficult to find a composition at once simpler and better decorated."

The "White Mother of God," a lovely Virgin of the apsidal altar; the Gothic pulpit of wood; and a pretty door in the south transept, with its carving of the animal in the vines, are among the score of intrinsic

and extrinsic ornaments which please the eye. Others are still hidden behind more recent furnishings; and to see the stately Gothic tomb of a Bishop, one is obliged to get a lighted taper and to peer through a hole in the Pseudo-Classic screen of the choir.

Like the details of the church, the ancient manners and customs of the diocese are too numerous even to be mentioned, but it is always interesting to recall one or two of the honours peculiar to it,—for instance, that in all Christendom only a Bishop of Greece and Monseigneur of Toul had the right to wear a special vestment, the “Surhumeral.”

Mosheim in his “Institutes” tells of a celebration which is amusing to imagine and which in ecclesiastical annals is termed the “Sepelitur Alleluia.” “It is known,” he writes, “that, during the seasons of fasting, Alleluia, as being an expression of joy, was not sung in the ancient Church. Hence, to honour the Alleluia, which was dead, as it were, in the time of fast, a solemn funeral was instituted. On the Saturday night before Septuagesima Sunday, children carried through the chancel a kind of coffin to represent the dead Alleluia. The coffin was attended by the Cross, incense, and Holy Water. The children wept and howled all the way to the Cloister, where the grave was prepared,” and the solemn rite continued.

In studying a church, it is also interesting to think of the famous men who ruled and prayed there; and during a few years of the XI century, Saint Stephen's

had a prelate who afterwards became one of the most remarkable among the Sovereign Pontiffs. Milman states that at this epoch two . . . Popes had died within a very short space of time, and the Romans . . . requested the Emperor Henry III . . . to nominate a new Pope—which he did by choosing Bruno . . . of Toul, a distant cousin of his own, a comparatively young man of great piety and imposing presence. At an Assemblage of Bishops and nobles at Worms, the Emperor's choice was fully ratified.

"Bruno protested vehemently against his own election; and after three days of fasting and prayer, declared himself unworthy.

"His scruples were at last overcome by the persuasions and persistence of the Emperor, and he began to look for men who could help him" in the tremendous task he intended to undertake,—that of reforming the Church. "Among these was Hildebrand, . . . and Bruno offered him a position. . . .

"Hildebrand replied simply, 'I cannot.'

" 'Why not?' queried the . . . Pope.

" 'Because by royal and secular power alone, without any canonical investiture, you go to take possession of the Church of Rome.'

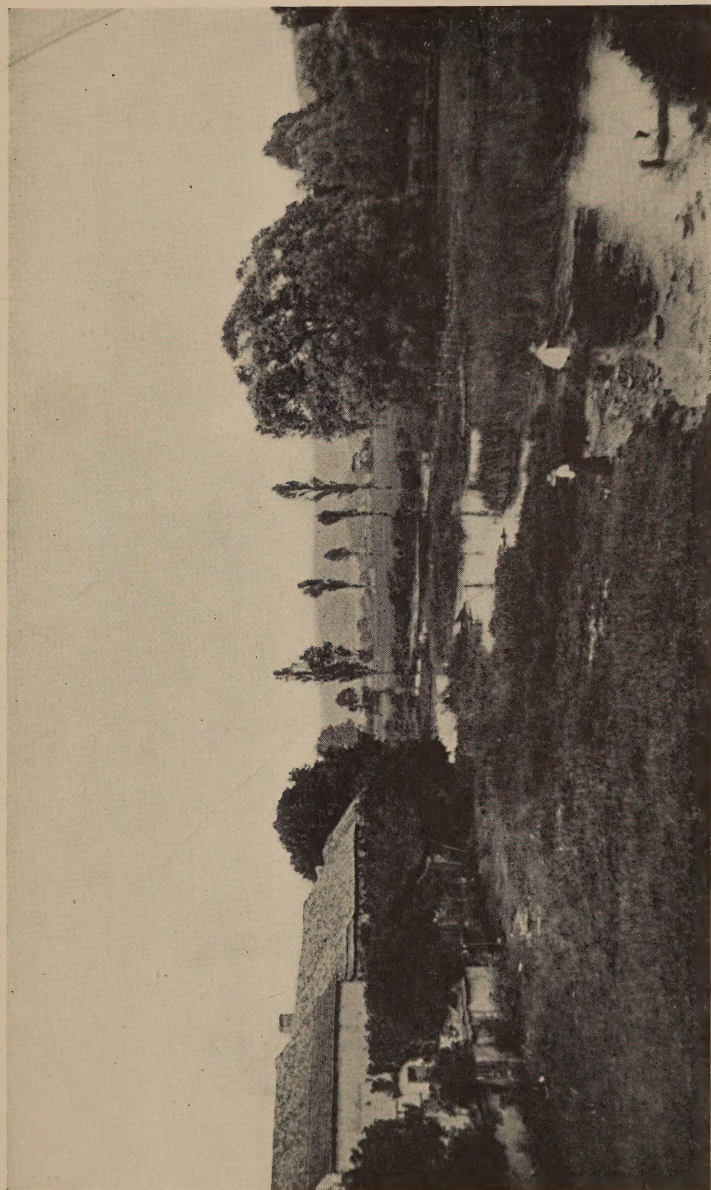
"When Bruno informed him that he would accept the Popedom only if the Romans freely confirmed his election, Hildebrand, satisfied, accompanied him in the two months' journey southwards and they became attached friends."

The new Pontiff was "distinguished by his earnest fearlessness and his purity of life." In the first twelve months of his reign, notwithstanding the hardships of travel, he went to Rome, Paris, Reims, and Mayence, "everywhere examining carefully" the status of religious affairs, "considering no journey too long or too severe if by it justice might be done and improvement secured. . . . Specially noted for his mercy, even while denouncing vice, he never failed to show pity and love for the offender."

Worn out by the multitude of his labours, he died in 1054, and has rightly been called "Saint." He himself selected the name of Leo IX; but always retained the humbler title of Bishop in affectionate remembrance of Toul, where he had been in more ways than one a defender of the people,—a Deacon and the actual leader of the soldiers of the place, then a prelate, and as wise a guardian and ruler of the diocese as later of the Church throughout the world.

Less than four hundred years afterwards, the town received within its walls a different but no less holy person, and was the scene of a decisive act which influenced not only the life of a Saint, but the destinies of all France.

It was 1421, and "the Anglo-Burgundians had almost reached Domremy, plundering castles and burning villages. Constant alarms and frequent incursions continued until 1428, broken only by short truces. The unfortunate inhabitants of the country fled to



"AT DOMREMY."

the Château de l'Isle, a village between the two arms of the Meuse, or went farther to Neufchâteau. The frays over, they returned to homes and fields devastated by pillage and fire, or to the graves of the men who had resisted.

"Every circumstance moved the heart of a young maiden" of the neighbourhood. She felt that "God could not desire such a perpetuity of disaster, and with this conviction came the passionate longing to be the instrument . . . of Divine Justice. Soon this young maid, Joan of Arc, became dreamy, concentrated, absorbed in her one thought; soon in her father's garden, she heard voices from the side of the church, and soon she was commanded by her voices to be 'good and pious and to deliver the kingdom.'

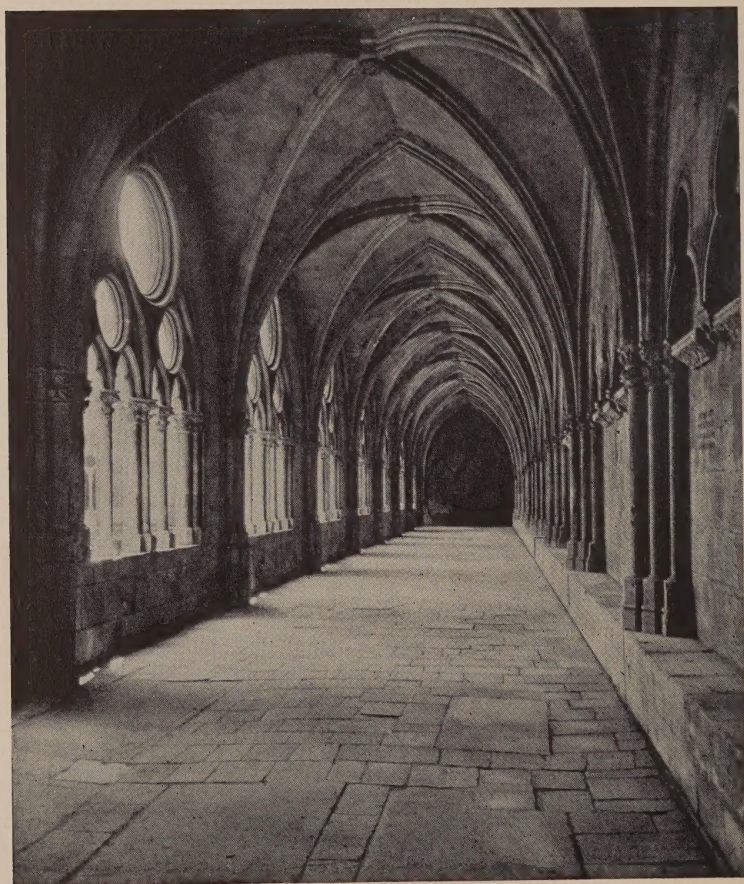
"Worn by the sense of responsibility, Joan entreated her father to allow her to go on her mission.

"At first frightened by the thought of angelic visions" so near his very door, "he subsequently became . . . indignant at the idea of her following an army, . . . and ordered his sons 'to drown her should she be seen with soldiers, or else he would drown her himself rather than be disgraced.'

"Joan submitted temporarily. But . . . she was called to another village to nurse an aunt; and there, by her intense earnestness, she persuaded her uncle . . . to accompany her to the French captain.

"At this crisis of the XV century, the strongest minds were open to the extraordinary and the marvel-

lous. Vague prophecies circulated among the people, and among them was one of Merlin, that 'from the



"ONE LOOKS WITH REVERENCE AT THE CLOISTER THROUGH WHICH THE PEASANT MAID PASSED."—TOUL.

marches of Lorraine, close to the Bois Chenu, should come a maid who would conquer the Breton archers.'

Captain Baudricourt, impressed, treated her, as he ever did, with respect, gave her excellent advice, and sent her home to her relatives.

"Her family now tried a stratagem. By an agreement with her people, a youth summoned her as his betrothed before the ecclesiastical court at Toul, declaring that she had given him promise of marriage and citing her to keep her word."

Joan went up to the city, appeared before the judge of the Church, and explained that she had promised nothing,—“pleaded her cause, and won it.”

One looks almost with reverence at the Cloister through which the peasant girl passed on the first of her many journeys, at a Cathedral in which she doubtless uttered a fervent prayer, and at a hall, now battered and worn, which she entered courageously to lay her cause before the learned priests “whom God had set above her.”

The old stronghold looks no longer “the Golden,”—but it is most interesting to the archæologist who sees more than that which merely meets the eye. Its records are full of precious legacies, almost every street bears a name suggestive of worthy and often heroic events, the Abbey of Saint-Gengoult at one end of the town and the Cathedral at the other side tell of Ages of Faith; and with these monuments and its threatening modern strength, Toul may yet write itself “pious, ancient, and faithful.”

Verdun.

In 843, Verdun became celebrated in history because it was there, after the Battle of Fontanet, that the sons of Louis the Debonair, Lothaire, Louis of Bavaria, and Charles the Bald, divided the great empire of their grandfather, Charlemagne. During the following centuries of the Middle Ages, the town had many and divers masters; and with Metz and Toul formed one of the famous "Three Bishoprics" of Lorraine.

Since the disaster of 1870, Verdun has acquired the importance of a frontier fortress. It is surrounded by bastions and protected by a citadel, forts seem to be on every one of the neighbouring hills and batteries on every height. Within the circle of the protecting modern ramparts are "the high city," and "the low city" which lies on the banks of the Meuse. No more striking difference can be imagined than that which exists between these two quarters, the latter an administrative centre with bridges, broad quays, and streets lined by shops and filled with soldiers; the former once the home of priests and seminarists, and still the site of the Cathedral.

Situated in a stronghold on the road from Reims to Metz, and in an exposed position, a target for the fierce lightning of mountain storms and for the artillery of besieging enemies, several episcopal churches have been destroyed here. A few were built before the XI century, and the last one of that period was accidentally

burned when Geoffrey the Bearded took the city in 1047. It is said that the Duke of Lorraine, a loyal Catholic, hurried in person to stop the progress of the fire; but in spite of his efforts, Notre-Dame, its Treasury, and its archives were entirely consumed. The news of the disaster spread throughout Christendom; and its involuntary author did solemn penance by presenting himself, "scantily clothed and barefooted," before the town-gate, and by crawling to the High Altar of the ruined church. Some authors add that he was publicly whipped; that to save the hair and beard of which he was so proud, he was obliged to give several domains to the Bishop; and that, disguised as an humble mason, he aided the workmen who reconstructed the edifice. However these things may be, it is certain that he made due reparation, and was buried in 1069 within the new Cathedral walls.

Less than a hundred years later, when the fortress was taken by a Count of Bar, the prelate, "a timid monk," fled; and again Notre-Dame was deserted. "The roofing disappeared, removed perhaps by the men-at-arms, and rain fell in the solitary aisles. It was then that the Sanctuary abandoned by men" became the scene of wonderful deeds known as the Miracles of Our Lady,—lights appeared in the midst of the wreckage; and the dead, breaking forth from their tombs beneath the paving, took the places of the absent Canons, and sang Matins. The renown of such events brought many pilgrims to the holy spot,

offerings were numerous; and in 1136, peace being restored to the See, still another Cathedral was begun. Meantime the Gothic epoch had been inaugurated in the Royal Domain by the Abbé Suger. Being nearer the Rhine than the Seine, Verdun chose as architect, Garin, a pupil of the Rhenish masters. Laurence of Liège grandiloquently compared him to "Hiram of Tyre who produced the Temple of Solomon," but his School was far inferior to that of the Isle-de-France, and his work could not have compared with Saint-Denis or Paris. It was dedicated with stately ceremony by Pope Eugenius III in 1147, eighteen Cardinals assisted, and tradition says that Saint Bernard consented to preach the dedicatory sermon. The illustrious monk must have approved of the austere style of the structure, which formed a striking contrast to the sumptuous Burgundian Romanesque of the monks of Cluny against which he had so often protested.

We read that in 1200 the Cathedral "rose in white majesty, more beautiful than its neighbours of Metz and Toul, the glory of the place." The nobler "French manner"—the Gothic—was, however, being adopted by neighbouring Abbots; buildings arose which were much more splendid than the grave Notre-Dame, and its clergy were soon embued with the spirit of emulation. The XIII century contributed excellent vaultings, the "Sacreire," and a porch and portal opening into the north aisle. In the XIV century, radical changes were introduced,—presumably by Pierre Perrat, who

is described by the inscription on his tomb in the Cathedral of Metz as "the master of the work in . . .



"THE PORCH AND PORTAL."—VERDUN.

Mes, . . . and of the great . . . church of Toul and of Verdun."

It must be admitted that the first two edifices are

more to his credit. At Verdun, his task was ungrateful. He was asked, not to create, but to modify, to use the Romanesque which already existed and to mask it in the making of a truly Gothic edifice. In pursuance of this plan, the nave was vaulted, the eastern apse was heightened and adorned with seven long windows, the archaic walls of the aisles were destroyed, and several lateral chapels were added. The XV and XVI centuries built other chapels,—and the Cathedral was now completed.

It escaped the vengeance of the Huguenots only to be struck by lightning and “partially devoured by fire in 1755.” In an earlier period, the damage would have been repaired in similar style; but the Renaissance decided that vast “transformations” were imperative in order “to give the clarity and gaiety suitable to the place and the taste of the century in which we live.” The leader of the progressive movement was the Canon Chaligny de Plane, whose ideals were Saint Peter of Rome and Saint Paul of London. Some of the Canons were conservative and would have preserved the venerable traditions, but they were contemptuously dubbed “Trojans,” and were easily defeated by the radicals who styled themselves “Greeks.”

In this ecclesiastical War of Troy, Notre-Dame was systematically devastated. The north portal was so changed that its XIII century magnificence can only be conjectured, and all except two of its statues were broken and used in the foundation masonry of the

Dean's new house. Large, rectangular doors and big windows replaced the pointed windows and portals of the transepts; and the immense round-headed openings of no architectural character whatsoever, which lighted the nave, were filled with white glass. Crypts, considered useless, were crowded with *débris*; ancient tombstones and statues were removed because they made the church "look like a cemetery"; the fine "Old Choir" in the west was altered beyond recognition; stained glass was ruthlessly demolished, rococo designs were introduced,—and these were but a few of the "improvements" devised by the pseudo "Greeks."

Few as they may be by comparison, they are actually many in number and so far-reaching in result that they have almost ruined the Cathedral. Even at a distance, they are proclaimed by the two ugly towers, which spoil the perspectives from the river, from the *Porte Châtel*, and from the episcopal gardens. The flanking walls, with the traces of the original Romanesque and the decided Gothic of the chapels, are not harmonious; and the principal portal, that of the north aisle, has the impressive outlines of the XIII century, the wretched ornamentation of the Renaissance, and a poor effigy of the Madonna surrounded by garlands of roses.

Since the western apse has almost lost its identity, the best portion of the exterior is the eastern end. Here traces of three *apsidioles* may be seen; and the stout wall of the central and more important of these,

which is decorated with round columns and heavily cut capitals, bears an upper stage of the XIV century. This stage, adapted to the shape of the pre-existent base, is by no means imposing, yet it has simple dignity, and above the line of juncture with the antique structure, its straight piles are ornamented with interesting bas-reliefs which seem to belong to an epoch earlier than that of the buttresses and later than that of the apsidioles. The sculptures are worn, but they still show Cain and Abel, an Annunciation, a Bishop, and an Adam and Eve.

Viollet-le-Duc writes, "in the eastern part of France, on the shores of the Rhine, where Carlovingian architecture left monuments of major importance, churches were built according to a special plan and system of construction. Several of these religious monuments possessed two apses facing each other, one to the east and one to the west, to which we find allusions in the history of Gregory of Tours. . . . Verdun presented these dispositions, . . . whose traces are perfectly visible." Notre-Dame has also another peculiarity indicative of its Rhenish origin,—the transepts adjacent both to the eastern and the western choirs.

Unfortunately, much of the curious significance of the original form has been lost in subsequent restorations; and although its "special plan" remains, an unkind critic might liken the edifice to a scarecrow of the fields which has only the deformed shape of the figure it is supposed to represent.

On entering a Cathedral, it is customary first to



"THE NAVE . . . BELONGS CHIEFLY TO THE COLD STYLE OF THE RENAISSANCE."—VERDUN.

enjoy its large perspectives, and then to admire in lesser degree its wealth of detail. The exception to

this rule is found at Verdun. The nave of two stages, pillars, arches, and clerestory, belongs chiefly to the cold style of the Renaissance; and as an Abbé wittily



"THE GOTHIC OF THE XIII AND XIV CENTURIES."—VERDUN.

remarked, its Romanesque walls, its Gothic vault, and its Louis XV rococo, are "a disconcerting architectural combination." The four transepts, said to have been "feebly modernised," belong to a School of the XVIII century, and are characteristically barren and uninteresting.

Under the crossing, there is a hideous baldaquin whose gilt canopy is upheld by twisted columns of mottled marble. This monstrous pile, which recalls those of Sens, Tarbes, and Moulins, interferes with the view of the shallow, semicircular choir and its long, pointed windows. The effectiveness of the choir is still further marred by XVIII century modifications, and by the stalls of the same date, veritable wooden walls that are skilfully carved and obtrusively high and cumbersome.

Side by side with the uncouth pillars of the nave are the Gothic columns of the aisles; and here one can see that the pointed work of the XIII and XIV centuries, although neither unique nor awe-inspiring, was of excellent and artistic conception. The adjoining chapels, varying in size, unnecessary, and not remarkable, are usually sufficiently well-proportioned. That of the Assumption, near the north door, has good XVII century glass and part of a mutilated reredos; others have few archaic details of any note; and a celebrated Renaissance bas-relief of the Virgin, which decorates one of the transepts, is merely pleasing.

In the interior as in the exterior, too many styles exist in too close juxtaposition; and except in the side-aisles, the Cathedral-seeker finds no really worthy perspectives.

For the patient connoisseur, however, Notre-Dame has a few fine bits of ancient construction which are hidden in nooks and corners. In the "Old Choir,"

for instance, the organ loft, the lower oculus made into a bizarre rose by restorers of the XIX century, and indeed all that is visible to the casual observer, appear banal; the mosaics are gone; and except the square shape, few of the original characteristics can be discovered,—but the curious stairway concealed in the flanking tower and the upper chapel of the Tour Saint-Michel have real archæological value.

In the south-eastern transept, the door which is nearest the High Altar leads to equally unlooked-for treasures. There is first, a Romanesque chapel, doubtless part of the apsidiole of the church of the XII century consecrated by Pope Eugenius III. From this interesting and neglected room, a staircase leads to a portion of the crypt which, spared by the Canons of the Renaissance, is so abused by the enlightened XX century that it seems, at first, scarcely more than a dark hole filled with a mass of lumber. A candle-light reveals a stone altar, mural paintings whose subjects can still be perfectly distinguished, and pillars with beautiful Romanesque capitals. Beyond the small crypt, there is another underground chamber of lesser architectural value which belongs to the XIII century, and has only a modicum of the distinction of its period.

If, instead of descending the little stairway which leads from the Romanesque apsidiole, the traveller goes up a few steps to the right, he sees a slender Gothic door, and the sculptures of its tiny tympanum representing God attended by an adoring Angel. This

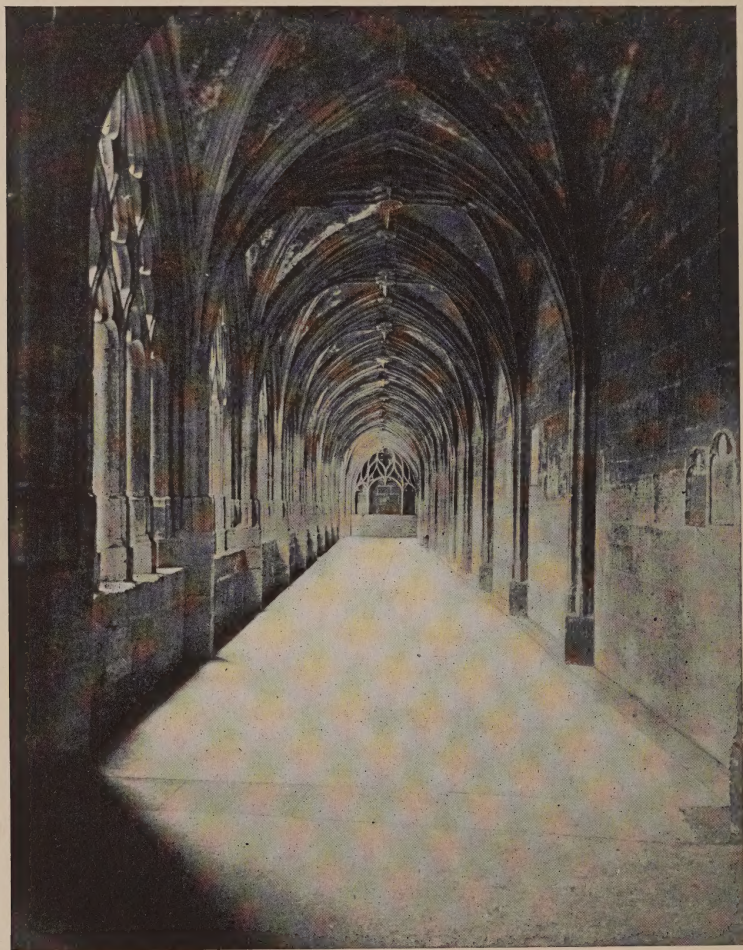
pretty door opens into a hall, the "Sacraire" or "Sorbonne" of the middle XIII century, modest in dimensions, but characteristically simple and elegant, and,



"THE GRACEFUL FLAMBOYANT."—VERDUN.

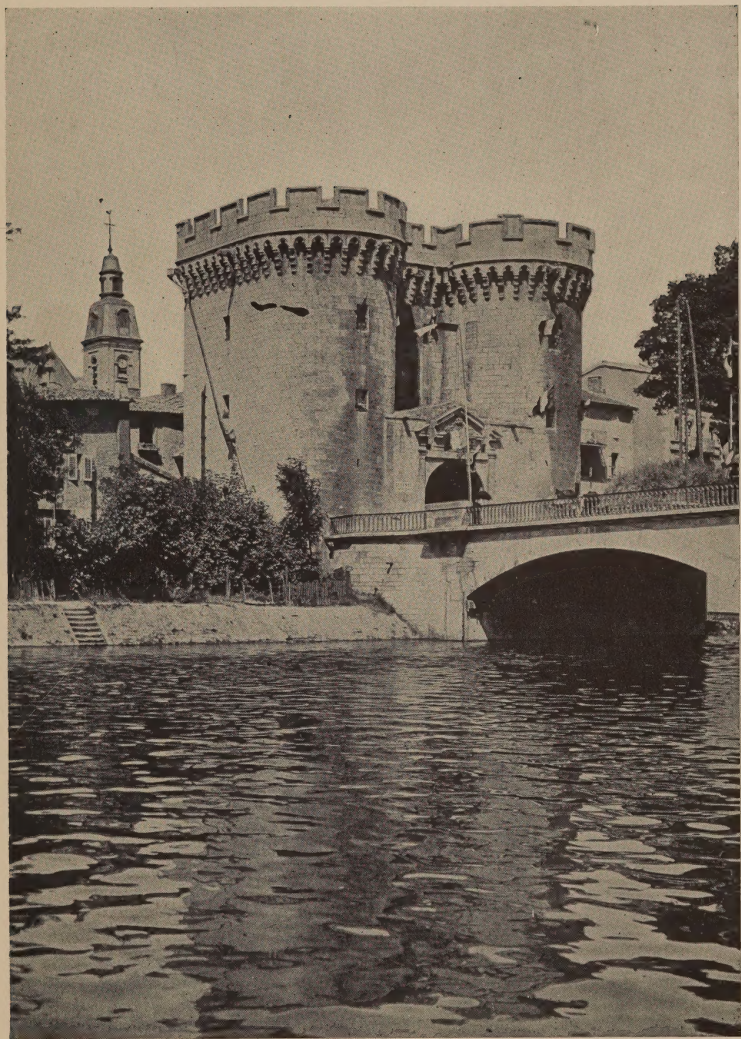
in a very general way, reminiscent of the Capitulary Chambers of Noyon and of Sens. It is improbable, however, that the hall of Verdun served for the official deliberations of the Chapter, and the red robes of the

choir-boys which now hang along its walls show its present uses. A handsome, coloured, Romanesque arch,



"THE CLOISTER-WALK."—VERDUN.

encircling a tympanum which contains the remains of a fresco called the "Presentation in the Temple,"



"A GATE OF OLD VERDUN."

is preserved here in the western masonry. It is a reminder of the earlier Cathedrals, and the apse contains some well-hidden remains of these primitive structures.

With the exception of a few handsome arches of the XIV century, the Cloisters represent a far different period,—the Flamboyant in a last and most graceful stage. Those who now visit the lovely walks may see them in their original calm,—the close is still filled with luxuriant foliage, and in its shade still stand the statues of Jesus and of the Holy Nun who had a vision of the Sacred Heart. But the State has claimed the consecrated ground; the door which leads to the church is already barred; and in the near future, the foliage and the statues are to be removed and replaced by a tennis-court for schoolgirls. Frivolous, shrill, young voices will be heard where once priests murmured the solemn words of the breviary, and the Cloister will have lost—at least partly and for a time—its holy peace and its religious charm.

The Palace of the Bishops, which has also been claimed by the State, is a magnificent residence of the time of the later Louis; and with its spacious Court of Honour, its broad galleries, generous windows, its princely gardens, and terraces, it is a small Versailles.

After several days of discovery and of study in these many corners, the moment of general criticism and general survey arrives; and in recapitulation, it becomes evident that, through the unhappy changes effected by the “Venerable Sires” of the XVIII century, the main

body of the Cathedral, the obvious portion, as it were, is the poorest part of this domain of Notre-Dame. He, therefore, who would see the real treasures of episcopal Verdun should neglect the nave and transepts and tarry but a short time in the lesser aisles, to linger in the bit of the old apsidiole, in the tiny portion of the crypt, in the chapel and the staircase of Saint Michael's Tower, in the "Sacraire," the Palace, and the Cloister.

Champagne.

CHAMPAGNE.

**Châlons-sur-
Marne.**

“Everything in our national history is ecclesiastical,” writes a Champenois chronicler, and he refers not only to the responsibilities of spiritual welfare, but to care for public instruction, safety, and pleasure. “Schools were founded by the Canons, the first companies of firemen were recruited among the Carthusian Brothers, and the first bottle of champagne was opened in the refectory of a monastery.” There is no lack of diversity in the churchly story of Châlons-sur-Marne; and relying on the Faithful to distinguish between the inalienable sanctity of religion and the frail humanity of its ministers, the mediæval records tell with frank impartiality of priests who were good, bad, holy, and terrible.

In the XI century, we read that “the See continued to be the scandal of France.” Lambert, its Bishop, married Adelaide, daughter of Robert his predecessor; their son Hugh “became Bishop of Auxerre and in turn took a wife”; and it seems certain that the orthodox Hugues Capet coerced him either into wedlock or the episcopal dignity. After a time, a quarrel broke out between this noble priest and a certain Count Renaud;

and the Bishop defeated and captured his enemy, loaded him with chains, and cast him into a dungeon. Renaud's wife having interceded in vain, her father, Richard the Good, Duke of Normandy, sent ambassadors to "beseech the liberation" of his son-in-law. But Hugh, imbued with the bellicose ardour of feudalism rather than with its more Christian ideals, replied by refusing a large ransom and by increasing the discomfort of his prisoner.

Duke Richard then mustered an army under the leadership of one of his sons, received permission from King Robert of France to cross the Royal Domain, and took such fierce revenge that the Count-Bishop "fled for life" to his strongest town. Meantime the Norman seized another fortified place, massacred men, women, and children, and continued his triumphant march. The warlike Churchman, now thoroughly alarmed, dreaded a new assault; and surmising that "a tonsure concealed by a helmet would not secure immunity," sought for pardon in humiliating guise,—the gates of Châlons-sur-Marne opened and out trudged his once haughty Grace with a shabby old saddle slung around his neck and hanging down his back. Thus accoutred, "he offered young Richard of Normandy a ride"; and some of the Trouvères add that he "threw himself at Richard's feet, rolling in the earth; and so the campaign ended joyfully and safely for Monseigneur, amid the shouts and amusement of his foes."

As a pendant to this spectacle, the XIII century

offers the picture of a Canon of Saint Stephen who was judged by the College of Cardinals good and great enough to ascend the throne of Saint Peter, Pope Honorius IV. During his period, and until the fall of Louis XVI, the prelate of the diocese was one of the six ecclesiastical peers of the kingdom; and among the lesser dignitaries of the See who had cherished privileges, there was the Precentor who at all times had "the right to enter the choir in lay and every day dress, booted and spurred," and when he so pleased, "carrying his falcon on his hand."

Many parts of the Cathedral have been the scene of strange proceedings, and the most sacred services were not always celebrated with the accustomed decorum. Even the fine organ "was made of inharmonious memory," because more than once it was used as "an engine of war" in the disputes between Chapter and Bishop. The Canons in these instances were at least temporarily victorious; they "held the instrument," as it were, and "would not allow it to be played"; and after one campaign of disagreement conducted in this original way, Monseigneur left the field of combat, and "preferring to meet the paynim," went with Saint Louis to the Crusade.

A clerical city, the usual "claustral" stronghold of a diocesan centre, once existed in Châlons, with its different buildings, its regular discipline, and its busy and important routine of religious and administrative duties. Of this stronghold, little is left except that

comparatively small and yet most noteworthy part which was its Holy of Holies,—the Cathedral.

It is strange that Saint Stephen's should have been unjustly neglected in the annals of art; for at least in major portion it belongs to the XIII century, and exhibits with quite peculiar excellence the Gothic qualities of stateliness and measured elegance. Some of the reason is, perhaps, to be found in the unimpressive effect of the exterior when considered as a whole. As one instinctively looks first into the face of a stranger, one turns instinctively to the façade of a church, and any church with a poor façade is like a statue with a mutilated head. Châlons-sur-Marne is sadly defaced by a heavy, Pseudo-Classic, western front of 1628, similar to others of its epoch which disfigure ecclesiastical edifices from Montauban to Rennes and from La Rochelle to Cambrai.

The lateral walls offer the striking contrast of beautiful "pointed" forms. Straight buttresses, extending in sturdy stiffness from the ground, high above the roofs of the aisles, end in sharp, carved turrets. Two tiers of flying-buttresses stretch from the clerestory stage to rest against the upright piles; and between these buttresses rise stories of large and handsome windows which light the side-aisles, the triforium, and the clerestory. Gargoyles, that have apparently emerged from kennel-like holes in the masonry, are curious and decorative in their varying degrees of monstrosity, and the friezes below the two roof-lines are pleasantly, con-



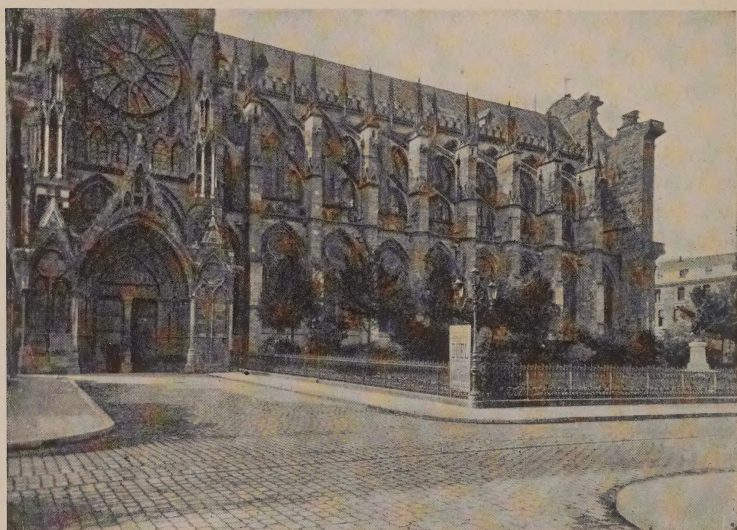
"ITS PONDEROUS . . . BUTTRESSES, ITS MINIATURE GROTESQUES, ITS
OXENHEADS, AND . . . GARGOYLES."—CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE.

ventionally ornamental. A crenellated gallery at the top of the wall and the severe flying-buttresses may be criticised because they are not consonant with the salient and characteristic elaboration of the bands and of the window traceries, but the general conception is admirable. In continuation of the mature Gothic plan, the north transept was richly if not wonderfully built; and during the XIX century, the south transept was made in awkward and economical imitation of the earlier pattern.

With its ponderous, single flying-buttresses, its miniature grotesques, its oxen-heads, and its short, strong gargoyles, the apse seems to belong to the tentative Gothic. It is without the majesty of a Paris and without the classic reminiscence of a Langres; but it is of the same School, evolutionary yet not fully evolved, massive, and not yet graceful,—a worthy effort of the Transition.

Between the angles of the transepts and the apse, there are two unfinished towers. One is entirely Romanesque; and, except the last stage which is modern, belongs to the church consecrated by Pope Eugenius III in 1147 and was the most considerable portion to escape the fire of 1230. The South tower, less interesting, has several plain, "pointed" stories. Both belfries appear truncated; in their awkward position, they disturb the proportions of the apse; and, with the low façade, help to give to the exterior of the Cathedral that lumbering aspect, that ungainly outline, which eclipses its magnificence of detail.

In beginning the recent restoration of one of the towers, a superstructure which had been added in the bastard style of the Renaissance was removed, and among the material which had served the architects of 1668, pieces of a XII century font were unexpectedly



"THE LATERAL WALLS OFFER THE STRIKING CONTRAST OF A BEAUTIFUL, POINTED TYPE."—CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE.

discovered. The pieces, carefully put together, form a precious addition to the treasures of Saint Stephen's, —a rectangular basin of polished, black marble, whose carvings represent the Resurrection and suggest, naïvely but none the less pertinently, the analogy between the spiritual birth of baptism and the regeneration from the grave to a new life.

To comprehend the act of vandalism by which this curious monument of Christian art was sacrificed in order to get a few cheap fragments of masonry, it is necessary to recall the disdain with which the XVII century regarded any work of the Middle Ages and the veneration which was felt for everything "Greek" or "Roman." If by fervent prayers or exorcism the priests of the later Louis's day could have turned their Gothic sanctuaries into classic temples, they would certainly have destroyed mediæval Amiens, Reims, and Paris with satisfaction, and have created to themselves greater copies of Rennes and Arras. Wherever means would permit, changes were made—Amiens was given the gorgeous "sun" of its Altar, Châlons has its façade and its hideous baldaquin; and such changes were not the desire of the ignorant only, they were heartily approved by the most cultured people of the times.

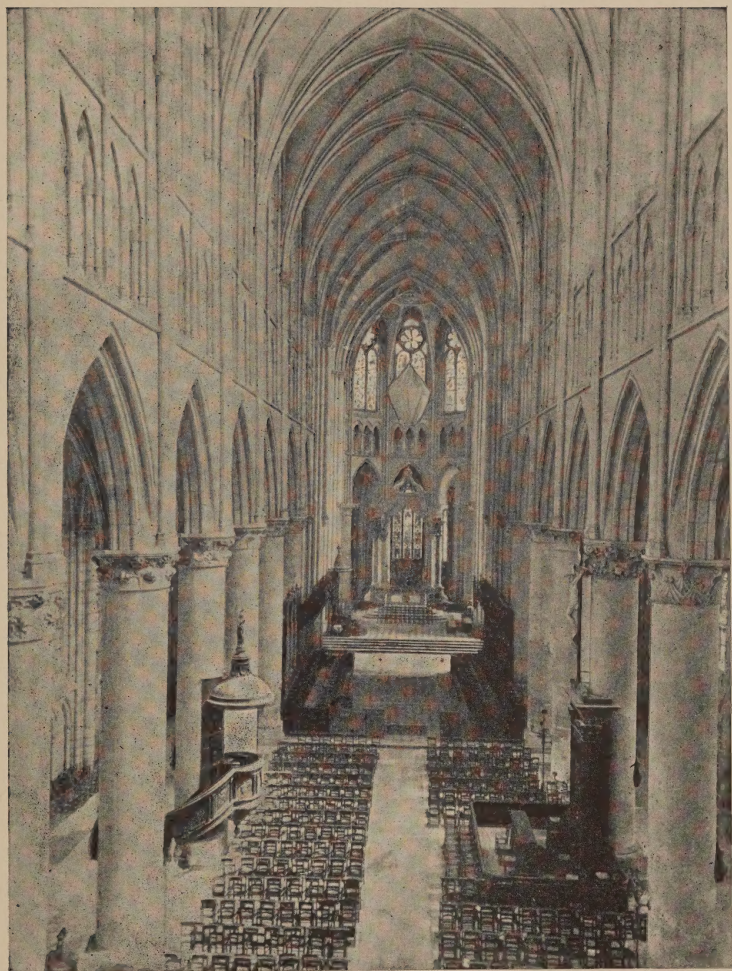
Even the refined and spiritual Fénelon admired the vulgar imitations of the antique. "Do you know," he asks towards the end of his Second Dialogue on Eloquence, "do you know the architecture of our old churches which are called Gothic? Have you never noticed those roses, those peaks, those little ornaments without logical design,—in a word, all those gewgaws? They are to architecture what antitheses and other plays on words are to eloquence. Grecian architecture is much more simple; it admits only of natural and majestic ornaments, one sees in it only that which is grand, well-proportioned, and fitting. The style which

is termed Gothic comes to us from the Arabs. Their kind of mind, being very vivacious and having neither rule nor training, could not fail to be led into false subtleties; and from this cause came bad taste in all matters."

Notwithstanding the authority of Fénelon, the treasure of Châlons is its pointed interior,—the nave with its rows of white, round pillars and narrow, foliated capitals, "the transparent gallery" of an ornate and handsome triforium, the high clerestory, and a vaulting which is an example of good re-building. In the choir, the triforium is enclosed by solid masonry, and the capitals and abaci are almost severe, but the general conception is fine; and the three apsidal windows, like a few in the aisles and in the north transept, contain remarkable stained-glass.

Unhappily, the eastern end is somewhat short; and to remedy the defect, stalls have been placed in the nave. This disposition, together with the presence of the hideous canopy of the High Altar, made after Mansard's design, are unessential yet conspicuous blemishes. They have not, however, ruined the perspective. The proportion between arches, clerestory, and triforium is notably good, the white stone has a warm rather than a dead tinge, and the whole effect is one of most suave and majestic beauty.

In the side-aisles, the original scheme has been preserved; and their outer walls consist of two stories,—a series of blind, Gothic arcades and a tier of large



"THE TREASURE OF CHÂLONS IS ITS POINTED NAVE."—CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE.

windows. A Cathedral is seldom embellished by lateral chapels except when, as at Troyes, they were included in the first plan; and that which might be architecturally termed the gratuitous addition of such chapels is usually a more or less grave artistic mistake. No "pious alcoves," even if in themselves as lovely as any dedicated to Our Lady, could equal the dignity of the arcades and windows of Châlons's aisles; and here, as at Reims, the taste of the XIII century architects is justified. Nothing in the dependent parts of the edifice disturbs its harmony of style. The transepts are well constructed; and the ambulatory, a fine walk, has one south alcove, and three splendid apsidal chapels which suggest the best days of the XIV century.

It is interesting to recall that the interior was much damaged by fire in 1688, and consequently was restored and enlarged during that era. The repairs were not few,—the ambulatory was "refixed," its chapels were "re-made or added," and the nave was lengthened. Here, as at Verdun, was a golden opportunity to "apply" a Renaissance covering to the old-fashioned form; and all honour is due the men of Champagne who restrained their Neo-Classic ardour and preserved, with but scant traces of decadence, the almost perfect consonance of the ancient design. They re-built better than they knew; for if Saint Stephen is by no means as absolute in greatness as Reims nor as sumptuous as Troyes, it is exceedingly excellent in its

white grandeur and worthy to rank among the noblest of the secondary naves of France.

Except the crypt, which lies beneath the Sanctuary, the remnants of stained-glass, and the black font, the church has few small parts and details which are noteworthy; and the attention of the traveller centres in its material elegance and in the historical scenes of which it was the background.

One touching incident occurred after the Dauphiness Margaret, daughter of the poet-king of Scotland, had come to see the fêtes of the city. Although she was with her kindly father-in-law, Charles VII, she was unhappy. She had been slandered and her heart was full of dread of her husband,—“no one on earth did she fear as she did her Lord, the Dauphin.” This prince—so renowned as Louis XI—was personally coarse and common, and despised the sweet and poetic nature of his wife. Comines brutally writes, “as for ladies, Louis had nothing to do with them. . . . He was married to a Scotch girl to his despite, and as long as she lived, he regretted it.”

Desolate and forlorn, Margaret had been taken ill in Châlons, and she asked to be carried from the Castle to the peaceful Cloister of the Cathedral. As she lingered between life and death, her Confessor begged her to forgive those who had wronged her.

“I forgive,” she said at length, and turned her face to the wall. “Fie on existence,—do not speak to me of it”; and with these bitter words on her lips,

she died, weary and disillusioned at twenty years of age.

They buried her in Saint Stephen's; but later, pursued perhaps by some haunting, superstitious remorse, Louis XI fulfilled one of her last wishes and removed her body to an Abbey connected with the House of Stuart. The Cloister which first received her is crumbled to dust, and it and the memory of the poor young princess have alike passed away from the city.

The ceremonies of the Cathedral form a happier chapter of its history. Every year, the Church spiritually "lives over again" the story of the Gospels; in the Middle Ages, she very often portrayed its scenes actually, and at Châlons-sur-Marne, as in several other places, "the wondrous events of Easter-tide" were given with especial care and fervour.

"At the end of the night . . . before the dawn," relates the chronicler, "two white-robed children whose faces are covered with amices" come into the choir and "sit down near the High Altar, the one on the right side, the other to the left. They are the Angels who, according to the Scripture, stood on Easter morning near the Tomb of the Saviour.

"Three deacons, adorned with white dalmatics, and carrying palms and incense burners in their hands, now appear from the sacristy, and are preceded by boys carrying the Cross and candles—and they are the Holy Women come to embalm the Body of Jesus.

"The . . . Marys enter the choir, and walking near the stalls, . . ." slowly approach the Altar.

"Whom do you seek in the Sepulchre, O servants of Christ?" the Angels cry out as they catch sight of the newcomers.

"Jesus of Nazareth, ye inhabitants of Heaven," reply the deacons.

At these words, the choir-boys uncover the Altar which was concealed by a shroud-like cloth, and they say:

"He is not here, He is risen as He foretold. Go,—announce that He is resurrected from the dead."

"Alleluia! Alleluia!" cry the disguised deacons joyfully, "the Saviour is risen to-day! The courageous Lion, the Son of God is risen! Tell it abroad and give thanks to God!"

In the meantime the Canons are assembling; and, turning to them, each of the Marys sings in turn:

"To the Pascal Victim, Christians offer a sacrifice of praise."

"The Lamb has redeemed the sheep. The innocent Christ has reconciled sinners with His Father."

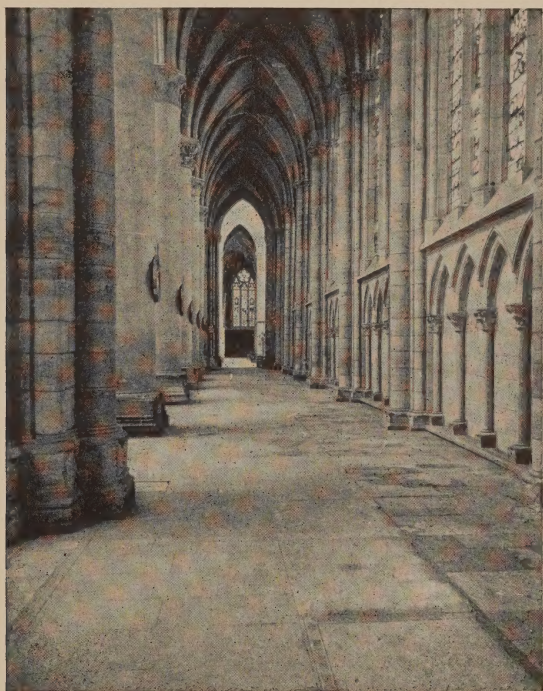
"Death and life have met in a wondrous fight. The King of Life was dead and now He reigns and lives."

The sun beginning to shine through the eastern windows, the Sanctuary no longer draped in mourning, but ready for the celebration of the Feast, the solemn chant, and the beautiful decoration of the Altar "bring joy after the long vigils of Lent"; and as the subchanter advances towards the Holy Women, he is seized with emotion. Finally he stops near them and asks:

"Tell us, Mary, Whom sawest thou on the way?"

And each Mary replies:

"I have seen the tomb of the Living Christ. I have seen the glory of the Arisen."



"IN THE SIDE-AISLES, THE ORIGINAL SCHEME HAS BEEN PRESERVED."—CHÂLONS-SUR-MARNE.

"I have seen the Angels who witnessed the marvel. I have seen the winding sheet and the other funeral cloths."

"He is risen, Christ, my Hope. He will precede his Disciples into Galilee."

And the Canons cry with one voice, "We know that He is risen! . . . O King! O Conqueror! Have mercy upon us!"

"Thus Easter is announced; and from the belfries of the city, from Romanesque towers now grey and from new Gothic towers, every bell peals forth. The Faithful clothed for the Feast give each other the kiss of peace; and meeting in their homes or in one of the streets, greet each other with the salutation of the day, a thousand times repeated, 'Our Lord is risen!'"

With the decline of episcopal power, not only ecclesiastical feudalism but the greater number of elaborate ecclesiastical celebrations were abolished, and comparatively speaking, ceremonial grandeur is a thing of the past. This pomp and circumstance was the life of a church of the Cathedral-building ages; and when standing in a choir, so often quiet and deserted in modern days, it is interesting to picture in imagination the devout actors who once trod these very stones, the "Angel" children who proudly stood in the same Sanctuary, the coming of the Holy Marys, and to read the solemn chants of Easter, Lent, Christmas, and of other sacred memorial seasons which were so vividly real to the citizens of Old Châlons.

The white aisles do not become more materially perfect through the evocation of any departed scene, but they are made more significant; and through such recollections, the Christian traveller is led to realise once again the tremendous meaning of the Cathedral



"A ROMANESQUE DOORWAY . . . CARVED WITH . . . LUXURIANT
MAGNIFICENCE."—LANGRES.

in the life of mediæval peoples,—at once the library, the school, the refuge, the place of pious diversion, and the beautiful haven of rest and peace for “Everyman” of the Middle Ages.

Langres. An intelligent writer of guide-books begs those of his readers who are going from Paris to Belfort, to get off the train at the station of Langres-

Marne in the valley, there to take the funicular railway which carries travellers swiftly up two steep hills and lands them in Langres-Cité, and to stop in the grey Cathedral-town “if only for a day.” Had he cherished any hope of being heeded, our author would perhaps have advised a several days’ stay. For the city can be “seen” in twenty-four hours, but merely to see is not to understand so sequestered a place and the life of its self-contained inhabitants.

Langres is the post of an important garrison, yet it has none of the gaiety and meretricious frivolity which is usually characteristic of the presence of an army corps. On the contrary, “the citizens appear grave like men of the North, and it takes time to become accustomed to the severe manner, the provincial hauteur, and the shyness sometimes mingled with suspicion which, to the stranger, seems like rebuff.” It takes time to realise with *Elisée Reclus* that, underneath this cold and somewhat Puritanical exterior, there burns “a hidden ardour of soul not less real than that of their Burgundian neighbours.”

The stranger finds it interesting to walk about the lines of the ancient ramparts, to look off at the lowlands which lie at the foot of the hills, stretching away until they reach the mysterious limit of sight, the dim horizon. In the immense panorama, broad roads look like white threads, and towns are so distant that no sign of their life is seen or heard. After a few days, as the novelty wears off, he begins to experience the sense of aloofness which is—consciously or unconsciously—the native's daily portion; he feels far from a busy, unknown world, and with this experience comes a deeper and more sympathetic comprehension of the Lingons and of the inevitability of their intense reserve. Their home is truly an eerie peak, "the type of the silent, austere city of the country-side," where "snows lie late on the ground and winds can howl tempestuously."

The remains of the ramparts, the sturdy Tower of Navarre, and the gates which have been preserved or re-built, show how strongly the town was protected in mediæval days; and a relic of Gallo-Roman art, locally called the Arch of Triumph and attributed to the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, tells of its classical antiquity.

Inside the fortifications, Langres appears somewhat monotonous. The long, white rue Diderot, the rue Barbier d'Aucourt, and the shorter, "cross" streets usually lack even the bustle of provincial animation; and old monuments are comparatively rare. There are the much restored Church of Saint-Martin, the elegant Hôtel du Breuil de Saint-Germain, a fine

Renaissance dwelling opposite the rue du Cardinal Morlot, and several other curious houses of bygone periods. There are also memorials to various "sons" of the community, and a statue of Diderot which reminds the visitor that the great Encyclopædist was born here.

To discover the principal remains of still earlier, pre-Christian epochs, one must go to the Museum, a building which includes the Church of Saint-Didier. Within the consecrated walls of the once Christian edifice, various pagan fragments have been collected; and among them are a little stone statue of Mercury, a marble altar dedicated to Bacchus, and a votive inscription which speaks of a former Temple to Matrona, goddess of the River Marne. These remnants suggest an imperial past of some splendour, and recall the memory of one of the most daring and ambitious of Lingons—that Sabinus who, at the death of Nero in 70, dreamed of founding an Empire. Defeated and proscribed, he and his devoted wife, Eponine, did not dare to stay at home, and hid themselves in a nearby cave or in the "Black Balm" of Frétigny. After nine years of safety, the hapless couple were discovered, and every one knows the story of their capture, the condemnation of Vespasian, and their execution in Rome.

Such traditions have the glamour of romance and of history partly discovered; but it is not for them that the Cathedral-lover is seeking. He wishes to find a struc-

ture not fully described even in lengthy architectural treatises, yet alluded to most suggestively by the more eminent authorities,—the Christian church dedicated to the young martyr of Cappadocia, Saint-Mammès.



“THE CHURCH DEDICATED TO THE YOUNG MARTYR OF CAPPADOCIA.”—LANGRES.

It is situated, writes Viollet-le-Duc, “in a far-away Roman city and in a country which was, until a very few centuries ago, covered with Roman ruins”; “the choir was erected in 1160,” and “shows the transition between the Romanesque and the new style which was slowly evolving at the end of the XII and the beginning of the XIII centuries.” Several pictures are created by these allusions, and each one is so shadowy and, at the same time, so promising that the traveller is glad

to hurry to the Place Henriot where stands the Saint-Mammès of reality.

At the first glimpse, he has a sensation of bitter disappointment and disgust, for the authorities did not think it worth while to mention that Langres, like Châlons-sur-Marne, has been defaced by a façade and two towers of the XVIII century. The structure is typical of the era. A lower story with its heavy pillars and cornice and three doors, the second story with three windows and a similar ornamentation, and the belfries and their balconies are big, uncouth, and Pseudo-Classic. Between the towers, a gable bears the Cross; but the opulent figures reclining beside the holy symbol are akin to luxurious goddesses of mythology rather than to any allegorical representative of the Christian religion. Such conceptions are very far removed from those of the Ages of Faith, from the mediæval Eve, the "blindfolded Synagogue," and the woman who pictures the "Church" on Notre-Dame of Paris; and the ideal expressed in this cumbersome, pretentious wall is more debased than that of the poorest Romanesque or Gothic building.

Behind it, there would logically be found a large hall in stiff imitation or sorry parody of the classic forms; and the pleasure of the traveller is unbounded when he steps through the ugly portal and discovers that, by a caprice of destiny, the veritable old nave has been preserved in all its strength and dignity. Here is one of the most interesting productions of the Transi-

tional Period, "the fine specimen of the later XII and earlier XIII centuries." A rush of recollections fills the mind, but recollections of the South and the Midland rather than of the North,—of Saint-Paul-trois-Châteaux in Provence, and of the nearer Beaune, La Charité-sur Loire, Autun, and the great abbatial Cluny.

The Pseudo-Classic also is present; but its Chapel of Our Lady of the Font, with the richly coffered ceiling, is discreetly hidden in the north aisle and does not disturb the harmony of the chief perspectives. The primitive plan may therefore be easily studied. It is simple,—first, a nave of six bays and two side-aisles; then, the shallow transepts; beyond, a choir and its ambulatory; and at the eastern end, a cluster of five chapels. As the interior was constructed under the influence of three Schools, the Roman, the Romanesque, and the nascent Gothic, it might be reasonably inferred that the differing styles exist in confusion. This, however, is not true. Instead of supplanting or intruding, they seem to supplement each other happily, if somewhat imperfectly.

The nave is supported by heavy piers. An applied pillar ornaments each of their four sides; and at each angle, there is a little column. The capitals have beautiful, heavy, leaf-like designs, and a few original carvings,—on one side, women's heads come out like flowers on their stems, and on another, a morose looking animal is placed in the midst of foliage. A painting of the Crucifixion and of an eagle and a number of col-

oured coats-of-arms are also seen here and there on the pillars. By a curious disposition, only the piles which face the arches have capitals; and those facing the nave and the side-aisles are broken by two narrow bands. Naveward, both piers and little columns are continued to the level of the base of the clerestory windows, there they receive their capitals; and the big piers support the powerful, angular ribs of the Gothic vault and the columns hold its more delicate framework.

The first arches are moderately tall, well formed, and slightly pointed. The triforium, on the contrary, is Romanesque. Each of its bays contains two open arches and one that is blind; and between each arch, channelled, applied columns, with capitals of classical design, support a plain, narrow cornice and have bases which rest on another, similar cornice. The large wall space of the clerestory is pierced by small and insignificant Romanesque windows.

Like the nave, the aisles are covered by a pointed vaulting; they follow the same dignified plan, and are lighted by long, slender, round-headed windows. Comparatively speaking, the transepts are unimportant, shallow structures. They also follow the general architectural scheme; but part of their triforium is simulated, and their roses, of exceedingly modest dimensions, are not to be compared with those of the Isle-de-France.

As is perhaps fitting, the choir is the most ornate part of the Cathedral. Its first bay, so broad that the Gothic arch is almost hemispherical, has a triforium similar to

that of the nave; and above the triforium rises a high, pointed window. This vaulted bay acts as a sort of entrance-way to the Sanctuary, whose half-circle is created by a number of graceful, red, monolithic col-



"THE MOST ORNATE PART OF THE CATHEDRAL."
LANGRES.

umns. Each column bears its large, white, Corinthian capital; and each slim arch, at first outlined by a band of plain stone, is adorned with another band of foliated pattern. A long space of blank wall intervenes between the

arches and the triforium; and in its centre hangs an immense Crucifix.

Above this space, there is a massive frieze, deeply cut in a conventional, scroll-like design. The triforium resembles that of the first bay, but its execution and details are much more finished, and here the applied, channelled pillars alternate with tiny, twin columns which are red and have little white capitals, seemingly a reproduction in miniature of the monoliths beneath. Viollet-le-Duc writes, "to meet with capitals in whose

composition Gallo-Roman traditions have a preponderating influence, even in the commencement of the XIII



"THE SEVERITY OF ITS LINES."—LANGRES.

century, one must go to certain localities . . . to Autun, to Langres, along the Saône and the Rhône. The capitals . . . in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral

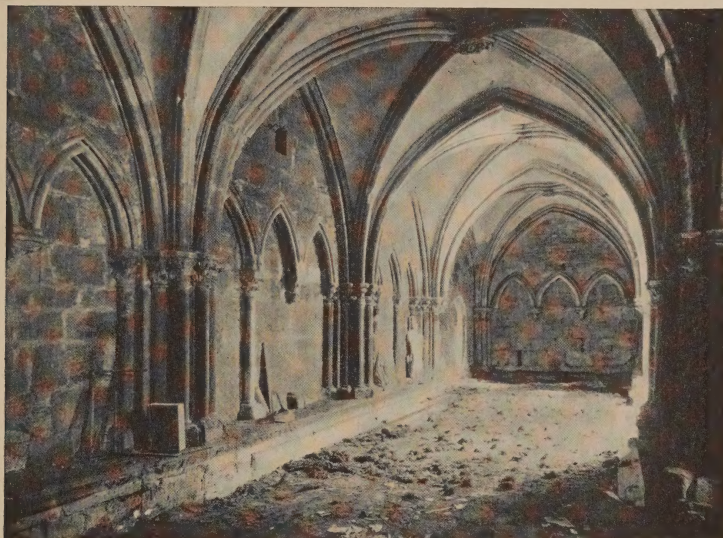
of Langres, which date from the second half of the XII century, are evidently imitated from such . . . models."

The clerestory has a series of low windows which, succeeding each other closely, are separated only by a narrow strip of wall decorated with the usual applied columns and capitals of the classic order. From window to window and over each rounded head extends a moulded framework. Instead of being vaulted in the style of the rest of the interior, the Sanctuary is covered by a structure which is not reminiscent of the Gothic nor even of the Transitional, but of the Romanesque apse of the South—a hemispherical dome, monotonously painted with stars and clover-like figures.

In the ambulatory, the different styles are impressively combined. The walk is covered with a Gothic vault; the piers on the outer side are decorated with the familiar applied column, channelled and stately; and in the south walk, there is a Romanesque door which is carved with the most exquisite and luxuriant magnificence. Of the five apsidal chapels, three communicate not only with the aisle, but with each other; and the perspectives thus made possible would be unusual and distinguished if they were not half spoiled by paintings and various unsuitable objects of ecclesiastical furniture.

Architecturally speaking, all the perspectives of the church are interesting; and the dull, staid pink of its stone and the red of the single columns contrasting with the whiteness of the capitals, the slender monoliths

and the narrow arches of the choir and the bits of its triforium, the majestic piers of the crossing, and the sober, heavy, and well-proportioned side-aisles, are notable. The nave, too, is of virile conception. It is only seventy-five feet high, a modest elevation in a



"THE REMAINS OF A . . . BEAUTIFUL GOTHIC CLOISTER."—LANGRES.

French Cathedral; yet with its pillars and columns rising almost without break to their capitals near the vault, with the somewhat stiff severity of its lines mitigated by the fine cutting of its rare decoration, with its asceticism which is not gaunt, it is a noble aisle,—never awe-inspiring by virtue of boldness or daring, but impressive through its innate dignity of form.

What type, it may be asked, predominates in this

building of the Transition,—the classical and transplanted, the older French phase, or the newer native evolution? Viollet-le-Duc answers in part, “the tradition of the antique . . . must have been very powerful here, . . . since during the last years of the XII or the first of the XIII century, when the nave . . . was constructed, . . . the Corinthian manner . . . is . . . seen in the composition of the capitals . . . together with certain details and ornaments which belong to the most characteristic sculpture of the first Gothic period”; and again, “it must be recognised that, even in countries where the Gallo-Roman persisted . . . through . . . fragments” of its art which fairly “covered the ground, its influence is detected only in capitals placed on monocylindrical columns like the columns of antiquity, and on pilasters . . . like the antique pilasters.” At Langres, the classical inheritance thus illustrated is “very visible”; the Romanesque is evident in the rounded forms of triforium and windows; and the Gothic, in the foliated sculpture already referred to by the great French authority and in the tentative points of arches and vaulting.

Undoubtedly each style is at its best in the plenitude of its maturity and in the untrammelled display of its own individuality; but in Saint-Mammès there is no juxtaposition of two dissonant Gothic phases as at Saint-Etienne of Toulouse; a fine Romano-Byzantine nave is not here attached to an equally fine pointed choir as at Le Mans, and low Romanesque aisles do not

lie behind a glorious choir, as at Beauvais. Here the Transition is harmoniously shown forth; and its development may be clearly seen in a series of pleasing compromises rather than in an exhibition of crude, sharp contrasts. Like Cluny and Autun, it is original, and it is also more logical and more consonant than many examples of the epoch.

Saint-Mammès contains a few treasures which are worthy of study,—the XVI century tapestry which portrays the life of the martyr; the Calvary of the south transept; the alabaster Virgin of the XVI century, the famous “White Lady” who stands in her own chapel; and the bas-relief of the Renaissance, which represents, among other scenes, a procession of clergy and laity marching towards the walled and battlemented town. The Capitulary Hall is also an interesting dependency, and there are the abandoned remains of a very pure and beautiful Gothic Cloister of the XIII century. It is scarcely possible to imagine a place more neglected than the latter structure. Its walk strewn with débris, its columns and carvings broken, empty boxes, bits of board, and battered figures of Saints leaning against the walls, it presents a melancholy spectacle, which would be sordid if the original conception were not so lovely as to triumph even in the midst of dust and squalor. The French Government has earnestly tried to preserve its historical monuments, and it is to be hoped that this one will come under its care. Of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of such Cloisters which

formerly dotted the country, so few remain that they should be counted among the most precious of all architectural relics of the Ages of Faith.

Returning to the Cathedral from the southern side,



"THE STURDY FLYING-BUTTRESSES."—LANGRES.

one can study its ancient walls,—the ungraceful, short, flying-buttresses and the friezes of the nave; the sober transept with its portal, its small rose, the three diminutive Romanesque windows high up in the gable, and the border which outlines its peaked top; the turrets be-

tween the transept and apse, the "dependencies" with their little towers, and finally, the rounded apse with the low roofs of the five chapels which nestle about it.

The ornamentation is perhaps best studied in the eastern end. Here, beneath the roof, extends a plain stone band which rests upon a cornice. The wall below is pierced by the modest, round-headed windows of the clerestory, and upheld by severely plain, sturdy flying-buttresses which, in turn, rest on a series of straight buttresses. These piles, rising from behind the chapel roofs, are first adorned with a large, white capital, then with two stories of blind arcades and channelled columns similar to those of the interior of the church, and end in a sort of pointed stone roof. As a whole, the plan is strong and stiff; and it would seem as if the Transition were suffering, not from the ungainliness of youth, but from the lumbering awkwardness of age. Yet it has its own heavy, archaic dignity; and in comparison with another cumbersome work of a later School, the façade, is admirable because it is never really barren, never meretricious, and never inspired by bad taste.

In detail, the effect of the carvings and the unusual combination of the white and dull, reddish stone is sober and handsome. Each of the ornamental straight buttresses, taken alone, reflects creditably its classic prototype, the Gallo-Roman model; it is only in combining the different parts of the exterior, in attempting newer, stranger forms that the architect of Langres built strongly rather than symmetrically. Compared

with other edifices of the period, his exterior is good, but not distinguished. In the interior, on the contrary, he excelled; and it has been claimed that the nave is a better work than that of Transitional Bayeux. The latter is far more opulent in adornment and in all decorative fancy; but as Langres is more measured, so also it is more impressive in the grave solemnity, the "religious feeling" of its original plan.

Saint-Mammès belonged to a line of autocratic prelates; and until the XIV century, a high wall separated the bourgeois's town from the episcopal quarter, the Cathedral, and the claustral dwellings of the Chapter. Within this tight enclosure, it cannot be said that Bishops and priests lived in brotherly peace. On the contrary, they were continually at odds; and towards 1300, ecclesiastical war broke out. Louis of Poitiers then swept away the vast monastic halls in which Canons had led the communal life since the V century. Three hundred years later, the feud had not died away; and we read that, in 1647, the Chapter protested vehemently when Monseigneur Famet wished to enter the Church of Saint Peter, which was its property.

In spite of internal dissensions, the prelates were magnificent lords during the entire Middle Ages. In the early days of Charlemagne, they were "Missi Dominici," his imperial commissioners; their rights of coinage, granted by Charles the Bald, were not rescinded until the Concordat of Francis I; and among their hundred and sixty vassals, they rightfully counted

the great and intractable Dukes of Burgundy and the Counts of Champagne. Himself Duke and peer of France, Monseigneur of Langres ranked with the first nobles of the kingdom; and at the coronation, he carried the royal sceptre and took precedence even of his churchly superior, the Archbishop of Lyons.

All these splendours of state have vanished, and only their faint traces are found in the little hilltop city of to-day. The Middle Ages have left it, and modern times pass it by. In spite of its mountain-railway, it is comparatively unknown; it still looks down on a world to which it belongs and "of which it is not," and the people of the plains beneath point to it and say, with a shrug, "Langres on its rocky perch, half crazed and half enraged."

“ At Strasbourg.”



The Nivernais.

THE NIVERNAIS.

Revers.

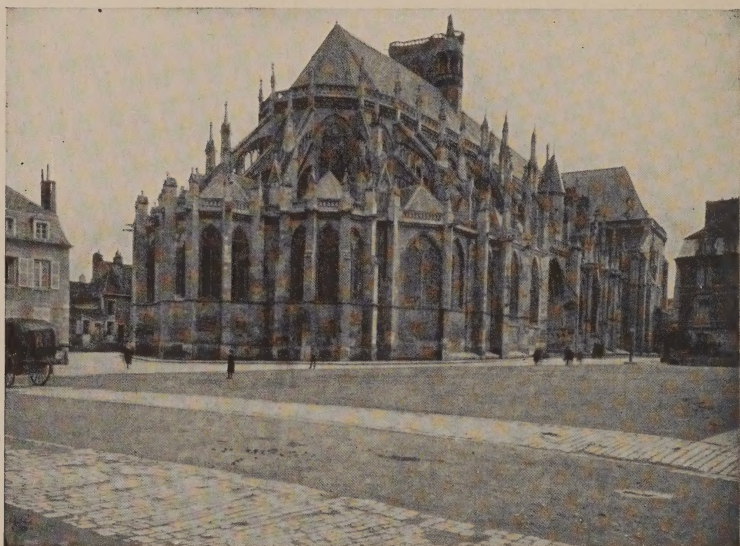
The traditions of the Church relate that during the reign of Diocletian "there lived in Lyconia a lady named Julitte, who was as celebrated for her goodness as for her rank. Descended from the ancient Kings of Iconia, she had resigned herself to the sight of a Roman governor on the throne of her fathers through the thought that the true believer's kingdom is not of this world and that an immortal crown is reserved in heaven for those who have fought the good fight on earth. . . .

"The governor was not long in discovering that Julitte was devoted to the rising Faith; he ordered that she should be arrested and brought before his tribunal, . . . and she came with her son, precious burden from which she was never separated.

"Alexander demanded her name, her position, and her country. To each question the Saint replied only, 'I am a Christian'; and the young Cyr, hearing the words of his mother, . . . repeated with childish energy, 'I am a Christian.'

"The Roman, infuriated, commanded that the boy should be taken from Julitte, and that she should be

beaten with rawhide thongs. The executioners carried the baby to Alexander, who placed him on his knees and caressed him lovingly; but the tiny Cyr clenched his small hands and repulsed the strange man; and



"THE GOTHIC, ADDED IN LATER CENTURIES."—NEVERS.

like his mother in the midst of her torture, continued to cry out, 'I am a Christian.'

"Alexander could no longer contain his rage; and without pity for the tender age of the child, . . . seized him by the leg and threw him to the floor,—the delicate skull was broken by the cruel fall and blood trickled along the pavement.

"Julitte, gathering courage . . . fell on her knees and prayed:

“‘I thank Thee, O my God, that Thou hast given to my son a refuge in Thy Kingdom. Deign also, Lord, to receive Thy servant, forgetting her unworthiness . . . in order that my soul may eternally bless Thy Father, the Sole Deity, Creator and Preserver of the universe, and that I may bless Thee, Redeemer of men, and . . . Thee, O Spirit of Holiness.’

“As she pronounced the final ‘Amen,’ the executioner cut off her head.”

The memory of those who had died for their belief, of Agnes, cruelly killed when she was only thirteen years old, of Anastasia who was burned alive, of Lucy, Agatha, Philomena, and scores of others, was a subject of passionate and loving concern to the Faithful of the Dark Ages; and when Saint Jerome of the Nivernais first came to Nevers in the IX century, he found a church already dedicated to the martyrs Gervais and Protais. The new Bishop, however, could not swerve from his devotion to Sainte-Julitte and Saint-Cyr; his ardour knew no bounds, and he wished to erect a vast Cathedral in their honour, to formally place his whole diocese under their protection. Since he was without means, he built a modest chapel and waited with pious impatience for the opportunity to offer better gifts.

The course of his duties led him to a Convocation of the Clergy in Paris, and after the assembly, the prelates were informed that the Emperor wished to consult them. Like Biblical Kings, he had had a strange and perplex-

ing dream, and like those monarchs, he turned for help to "his wise men in Israel."

Every priest listened attentively as Charlemagne related his vision. "It seemed to us," he told them, "that while hunting, we suddenly found ourselves alone in the midst of a forest and saw an angry boar about to spring upon us. Our first thought in the pressing danger was to . . . implore the protection of God; and, almost at the same moment, we perceived near us a little, unclad child who promised succour if we would give him the covering of a veil. We did not hesitate to make the promise; and immediately the child sprang on the boar, and holding it by the horns, led it to us, and we pierced it with our sword and killed it.

"Awakening," continued the Emperor, "our vision remained continually before our thought, and it seemed before our eyes as well; and we have been in deep perplexity, not knowing what it means, and desirous of fulfilling our obligation if it be possible so to do."

Charlemagne stopped and looked expectantly at the Bishops, and "they were much astounded and knew not what to say,—save Saint Jerome who, filled with the grace of God, arose and interpreted the dream, . . . stating that the infant who appeared by divine permission . . . was Cyr, and that the veil for which he asked was the restoration of his chapel at Nevers and the restitution of the patrimony of the said See . . . which things," the Emperor "joyfully granted."

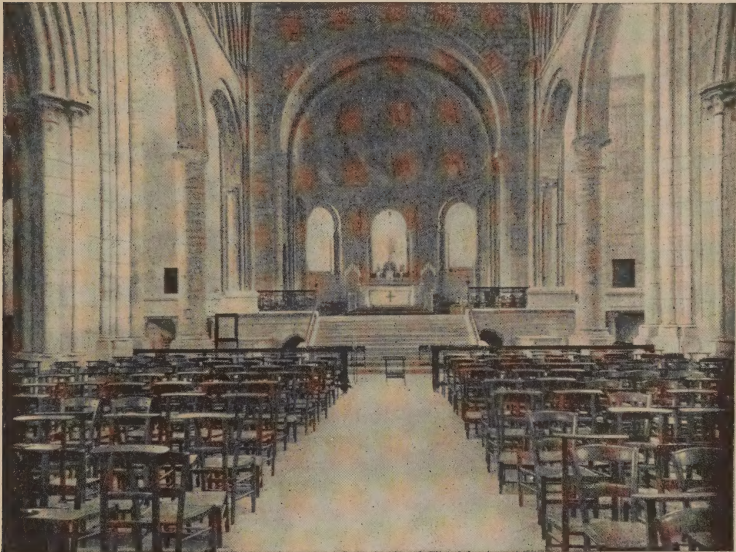
Thus, says tradition, Saint Jerome was enabled to



"AT THE WESTERN END."—NEVERS.

build a new Cathedral, and Nevers received the title of "Saint-Cyr and Sainte-Julitte" which it has kept for over a thousand years.

Of the earnest Bishop's foundation the name alone has survived. The material structure which had suc-



"THE EARLIER CHOIR."—NEVERS.

ceeded the more modest VI century edifice of Saint-Eulade, was in its turn destroyed and replaced by Atton's church of the X century. Another reconstruction occurred under Hugh the Great in the XI century, William of Saint-Lazare built again between 1201 and 1220. Bertrand III continued the task during the next period; and chapels, a portal, and a tower were added in the XV and XVI centuries.

Terrible conflagrations rendered much of this work imperative; and as each fire spared a portion of the old walls and each restoration was made according to the contemporary architectural ideals, the Saint-Cyr of to-day is a Cathedral of many masters and many Schools.

By beginning at the western end and walking eastward, one accompanies, as it were, the march of time and the evolution of styles. At the opening of either transept, a monolithic column rises in the centre of the walk and helps to uphold the two round arches which form an arcade between the arms of the architectural Cross and its longitudinal section. Of excellent proportions, the arcade in its present position is unusual and unnecessary and is believed to be a solitary remainder of all that Atton laboured to erect in the X century. The transepts, in themselves "the heritage" of several archaic epochs, are less impressive than the semicircular choir; and on coming into the central aisle, one sees that Nevers, like Besançon and Verdun, has two apses. The earlier, now called the Chapel of Sainte-Julitte, is reached by a broad stairway of thirteen steps, and looks like a large tribune which dominates the rest of the interior. Its hemicycle, lighted by the three, round-headed, symbolic windows commonly used during Romano-Byzantine days, is preceded by a bay that is decorated with blind arches. The capitals and pillars are well-formed, substantial, and plain; and the chief ornamentation is the painting in the curve of the vault, the subject so beloved of

Christians of that age, "Jesus Triumphant." Although the details of the colossal fresco have become somewhat indistinct, the Byzantine type of the bearded Face is visible, and it is evident that the Christ is clothed in the



"THE CRYPT . . . , OF MASSIVE, PRIMITIVE CONCEPTION."—NEVERS.

imperial pallium, that He holds the world, and that His right Hand is raised in blessing.

On either side of the broad stairway, narrower steps lead to a small, partly subterranean edifice. Two galleries, parallel with the transepts, belong to its plan; but being used as burial-places, they are now closed, and the structure apparently consists of three short aisles which terminate in the apse,—a massive, yet not uncouth conception, comparable to the shadowy

underground chambers of Saint-Etienne of Auxerre and of Saint-Savinien of Sens.

The heavy, harmonious symmetry of both the crypt and the upper chapel is produced with slight aid from sculpture, and their simplicity, the sincere and unaffected "poise" of the venerable style, is worthy of praise. Built in 1028, they are rare examples of the art of the mysterious Dark Ages, part of that famous galaxy of churches which, according to the old monkish chronicles, "covered France like a white robe" after the terrors of the year 1000 had passed away. The ancient form is seldom discovered in juxtaposition with the Gothic; and it is interesting to prove that, even in this trying contrast, the little "white church," which has neither the dimensions nor the splendour of the lofty nave, may preserve an inalienable dignity.

With a few attempts to render the transition less abrupt, the architects of a new era began the nave; and from the Romanesque one turns directly to the mature Gothic and sees, from the transepts eastward, three aisles, with a choir, ambulatory, and chapels. Here, too, is a lack of perfect unity, the variety which is often included in the general term, "pointed."

The first portion, the nave, has a fine, broad arcade, a pretty and graceful triforium, and, within a deep arch, a somewhat mediocre clerestory and a practicable "ledge." The example of XIII century work is excellent, and its carving has the merit of diversity without appearing too conspicuous or mannered. In the



"THE NAVE IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF XIII CENTURY WORK."—NEVERS.

triforium, figures like the Church militant in prayer, meditation, and suffering, act as large caryatides; and at the top, between the arches, there are Angels with an incense-burner, a crown, a vase, and palms. Statues in the upper gallery, also caryatides, are bolder and still more curious; and among them are a man spurning a diadem which is at his feet, a sad woman, and another person dressed in rags, who is eating a piece of bread. The foliated patterns, the poplar, chestnut, and strawberry leaves, are of exquisite workmanship; the bouquets, diadems, and garlands are lovely; and in the aisles, the ornamentation and the proportions are reproduced with equal talent and care.

The choir is inclined toward the left; and although its date is comparatively recent, there is no contemporary document now extant to explain such a unique disposition. The pillars about the Sanctuary belong to the first half of the XIV century, and the lateral columns are of the later XIV or early XV centuries. The tendency is, therefore, towards a greater delicacy and elaboration,—the arches are narrower and for this reason seem higher, the triforium has its “wall of glass” windows, the clerestory is embellished with a carved balustrade, and chapels open with charming perspectives into a light and beautiful ambulatory walk.

The fine architectural effect is disturbed by ugly furnishings, a gaudy High Altar, and big, brown stalls of 1770 which look as if they must have been the gift of malicious demons rather than of the injudicious Faithful.

As the north transept has the Chapels of Saint John and of the Baptismal Fonts and as seventeen large and small alcoves of different periods surround the aisles, it is obvious that Saint-Cyr contains many details,—piscinas of exceedingly rich designs; paintings; statues with harps, violas, and other musical instruments; figures holding farming tools; heavenly personages; monks with open books; and minor conceits that are innumerable.

The most celebrated reredos are the injured bas-reliefs which represent the Triumph of Mary, and the Life of Saint John the Baptist “given by the Count of Nevers, John of Burgundy, called de Clamecy.” In the latter altar-piece, there are no less than eighteen pictures, and the sacred story yields in artistic value to the domestic and bucolic subjects,—the hunting and fishing, the shepherd and the sheep, a herdsman driving oxen from the stable, the miller leading his ass laden with sacks of grain, the merchant sleeping under a tree and a troop of monkeys slyly pulling off his boots and opening his pack. Each scene is depicted with Gallic humour and the extreme technical skill of the XV century, and is as delightful as many a vaunted treasure of some metropolitan museum.

A creation of the same epoch but of antithetical mood is the quaint and touching memorial “which points a moral and adorns a tale” on the choir wall, near the sixteenth chapel. In this philosophical and religious portrayal, a Canon, garbed in a red soutane, is

first represented in a cemetery, kneeling at the foot of the Crucifix and holding an inscription which reads, "May Christ Who bathed the Cross in His Blood give me a place in the assembly of His Saints." To illustrate the vain transitoriness of things mortal, an emaciated corpse is next shown with its hands outstretched towards the Cross, offering on two scrolls the subjects of its meditation, "Alas, I would have done much good had I thought to come to this," and "I will appear alive and I will praise my God, I who am now food for worms." Beneath the whole composition, a melancholy reflection is written:

"Thou art deceived who thinkest that thy heirs will love thee better after thy demise than thou carest for thyself. Give of thy estate while it is thine. After death, it belongeth to thee no more."

A later Gothic day, the XVI century, has left its trace in the little, almost aërial staircase and the door of the Canons' vesting-room which are in the south transept; and near the angle, opposite the door, there is a sort of sun-dial, made in 1793 by "one, de Brouys," "so that nothing might subsist of the ancient calendar in the Temple of Reason, formerly the Cathedral." On the outside of the church, near the Portail de Loire, there is a second dial, said to be another effort of the fiery Citizen "to substitute the edicts of Nature for the artificial calculations of priests."

Fortunately, the tragic and ludicrous zeal of the Revolutionists, which led to the mutilation of many

carvings at Nevers, did not accomplish the destruction either of the "Holy Sepulchre," a huge Entombment of the Renaissance which is now in the shadowy depths of the crypt, or of a "Christ Crucified" of the XIII century, with the long, thin Face, the Figure curiously clothed in an apron which serves as girdle, and a Cross whose disk-like extremities bear the symbols of the four Evangelists.

Saint-Cyr's exterior shows exactly the characteristics which its interior would lead one to expect. The western extremity has tall, primitive transepts, and the unpretending, rounded apse so typical of the early Christian style. No archæologist could see the construction without keen interest, and it is not difficult to study it in a fairly adequate perspective. That it should be somewhat shut in by surrounding houses and isolated from the general view is a happy chance, for its comparatively severe and modest Romanesque is entirely out of harmony with the size and decorative exuberance of the rest of the plan. To appear magnificent and complete, the edifice needs only a façade. Its flying-buttresses with their arcades, the handsome tracery of the windows, the balustrades and gargoyles and pointed turrets are richly ornate; and the eastern end, which stands in a small, open square, is imposing and luxuriant in splendour.

Owing to the presence of the double apses, the chief entrance-ways are in the northern and southern flanks; and the north portal of 1280 was the first to be built.

The subject of its tympanum is the usual theme of the best mediæval Schools, the "Last Judgment," and its niches were filled with statues. Proving objectionable both to Huguenots and Terrorists, all the ornaments were hacked to pieces; and even kind Saint Christopher has been removed from his niche inside the door. The south entrance was made in 1490, and the deep, spacious porch has fine dignity; but its delicate sculptures were also ruined in 1793.

It is said that one at least of the former Cathedrals of Nevers had several tall belfries. The Cathedral of to-day has an ugly, insignificant lantern where the central spire should be, and one lovely tower which stands at the juncture of the Romanesque and the Gothic. The stage of this "Tour Boyer" that reaches the first gallery was finished before the XVI century, and the two upper stories were added between 1509 and 1528. Here, among Apostles and prophets, are Moses with his "horns of glory," Solomon, and David wearing the royal crown and holding a harp and a sceptre; and above and below them, the Flamboyant master carved conventional designs of great loveliness and all the graceful arabesques, all the marvellous and luxuriant fancies which he could devise.

To sum up the qualities of the church would be to speak of these lovely carvings, of several stately chapels, and a well-built nave, to dwell upon the value of the Romanesque, and to tell of the impressive richness of the outer walls with their forest of buttresses.

Yet Saint-Cyr as a whole lacks harmonious outlines,—with its big Gothic apse to the east and its little Roman-



"THE RIVER, . . . THE HOUSES WHICH RISE IN TIERS, . . . AND FINALLY, THE CATHEDRAL."—NEVERS.

esque apse to the west, it could not have the noble contours possible to the creation of one consistent style;

and to sum up its defects would be to insist that the contrast between its round and pointed forms is too striking, and that its aisles are "excellent" rather than inspired.

It has, however, a real if irregular grandeur and an admirable position; and in describing it in the midst of its surroundings, one of the Bishops has written, "coming towards the town, one perceives first the river bathing the walls, then the houses which rise in tiers to the summit of the plateau of the old stronghold, and finally the Cathedral surmounted by its majestic tower, . . . the Cathedral which dominates the scene . . . placed as 'a city on a hill whose light cannot be hid,' seeming to protect the feudal castle of our . . . Dukes, the less sumptuous . . . homes of the citizens, and . . . the habitations of the boatmen of the Loire," and to symbolise and proclaim, in the most perfect beauty which its architects could imagine, the Christian Faith of Nevers.

Bethléem-lez-Clamecy.

On a hillside in the charming, pastoral country of the Nivernais, above the confluence of the Yonne and the Beuvron, lies the quiet and dignified town of Clamecy. Its large, open Square is made impressive by a modern City Hall and the handsome, Flamboyant façade of its Collegiate Church of Saint Martin. Winding streets lead from the Square to the pretty, green borders of the streams; and crossing the little Yonne

bridge, the traveller paused a moment halfway to look at its unusual ornament, a bronze bust, and to read that this work of David of Angers represents Jean Rouvet, who in the XVI century brought prosperity to the people of the river-banks by inventing the "art of wood-rafting."

At the end of the bridge, he saw a tiny chapel, and farther on, the comfortable "Hotel of the Golden Ball" and a cluster of houses,—a peaceful hamlet which seemed without history.

Yet this was Bethléem-lez-Clamecy, once the seat of a Bishopric whose existence perplexed Dukes, Prelates, Kings, and Popes, whose Cathedral is scarcely worthy of mention in architectural records, and whose chronicles form one of the most curious and neglected chapters in the annals of the French Episcopacy.

Its story begins with that William of Nevers who in 1167 went to the Holy Land, fell ill, and died there. In a letter written at the time, John of Salisbury declares that "it was the tears of the widows he had oppressed, the groans of the poor whom he had harassed, and the complaints of the churches he despoiled, which caused the Count to fail in his expedition and to die without honour on a glorious field."

William of Tyre held an entirely different opinion, and in his book states that the "Lord William was a great noble, a powerful prince of the Kingdom of France, who came to Jerusalem followed by an honest company of men of war, proposing at his own cost and

expense to enter the service of Christendom against the enemies of the Faith. But vexatious death prevented the pious . . . enterprise. For, being suddenly overtaken by a langour of long duration, he finished . . . life in the first flower of pleasant youth, after much affliction suffered in his body,—not without the . . . tears and sighs of every one.”

The true character of the prince may be problematical, but his orthodoxy was firm; and fearing the approach of death, he desired to make a last bequest to the Church and to “lie in the place of Christ’s birth.” He or some of his advisors realised the precarious position of the Christians in Palestine, and conceived the idea of providing a place of refuge for the priests who had promised him sepulture in their city. He, therefore, made the will which was to have such far-reaching results,—leaving the hospitals which his grandfather had built in Pantenor near Clamecy, together with several neighbouring estates, and important rights and privileges, to Raoul of Bethlehem.

During some years, the prelates continued to rule in Judæa. Then, the Kingdom of Jerusalem being seriously threatened, Reynier, seventh Bishop of the line, decided to retire to his European possessions; and it is believed that he made his first French “entry” in 1224.

Unfortunately, Pantenor,—or Bethlehem, as it was re-named—was situated at the border confines of two other Sees. From the first, trouble beset the exiles,

and within a hundred years, they found it necessary to concede temporal privileges in order to gain the goodwill and protection of their neighbours. "We, Hugh," reads one of their charters, "Bishop of the Holy Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . , in order to avoid damage . . . which might be caused to the Chapel and Hospital of Our Lady . . . near the bridge of Clamecy . . . which belong directly to the Church in Palestine, . . . do give . . . to Robert, Count of Nevers, our temporal rights over . . . Pantenor and its inhabitants, . . . always preserving under our own power the Hospital, the Chapel, our dwelling, and its dependencies in the said burg, . . . as well as the clerics, lay brothers, and all our household."

For a time, the Bishops undoubtedly hoped to return to their Eastern home and its Cathedral, one of the most beautiful monuments in the Holy Land. So long as this seemed possible, the jealousy of the French clergy smouldered; and in 1316, the Oriental prelate was chosen to preside over their august assembly, the second Council of Senlis.

But it became more and more evident that the Mohammedan was firmly entrenched in Palestine and that Monseigneur of Bethlehem might become equally powerful in the Nivernais. He had, it is true, only a few buildings and a small XII century chapel, some clerics and lay brothers, and he was not even the spiritual lord of his fief. But, however limited the domain, it was one of "ecclesiastical jurisdiction";

however few the household, it formed a Chapter and a Community; and such a state of foreign sovereignty, on a few feet of territory which had once belonged to their See, seriously disturbed the Churchmen of Auxerre.

To add to their vexation, Charles VI in 1413 issued letters patent which admitted to the Council of State "Jean Marchant, Bishop of Bethlehem and royal confessor," and granted "to him and to his successors who would swear fealty to the Crown . . . all the prerogatives and honours of the Bishops of France."

Many of the rulers of the diocese were men of distinction,—learned Dominicans, Franciscans, and sometimes monks of other Orders; and each by virtue of his episcopal rank was "General of the Order of the Star." One, at least, was a Legate of the Pope. Another went to Great Britain; and through the liberality of "Simon, citizen of London," founded "in the parish of Saint Botolph . . . a Chapel and a Hospital, with a Superior, Brothers, and Sisters," who were under the "governance" of Clamecy.

It is a pity that the records describe so vaguely the ceremonial and status of the transplanted court. We have kaleidoscopic glimpses of a Chapter which followed the "rule" of Saint Augustine, and Matthew Paris shows us "lesser members . . . in a habit . . . similar to that of the Preaching Orders, with five points on its cape, signifying the star which appeared when Our Saviour was born." There are other glimpses of a Community of nuns, and a busy infirmary "where the

poor were going and coming." In the XVI century the picture changes,—“a Body of secular priests” was established, “handsomely robed in violet”; and in the next hundred years, the hospital seems to have been abandoned.

The “foundation” now suffered a new danger. The Italians who succeeded the Popes of Avignon on the throne of Saint Peter did not recognise our prelates; and from the days of the Great Schism of the West till 1630, two Sees bore the holy name of Bethlehem—that whose administrators formed part of the French Episcopacy, and “the Bishopric in partibus of Bethlehem in Judæa” whose “members” were approved by the Papacy.

The French incumbents, however, continued to live in state, and finally Rome again accepted the candidates proposed by the Dukes of Nevers and the Most Christian Kings.

New honours revived old troubles; and Monseigneur of Bethléem-lez-Clamecy must often have thought that, instead of lying between the Bishoprics of Autun and Auxerre, his European “refuge” was situated between Scylla and Charybdis. Every present he received was gall and wormwood to his haughty adversaries; his existence in the Nivernais was an intolerable infringement of their rights, and a few of many incidents will serve to show that both he and they were constantly on the defensive.

The records of 1518 tell this tale,—Jeanne Gauthier,

a well-to-do leper detained in the hospital at Clamecy, willed that her "mortal remains should be buried in the Chapel of Pantenor, recommending besides that, while her body was being carried to church, prayers should be recited aloud, and that on the day of her decease, ten low Masses and three High Masses . . . should be celebrated for the repose of her soul." Shortly afterward, the poor woman died, and the clergy of Bethlehem prepared to carry out her last wishes.

Determined to enforce that which he considered to be the right of his parish, the Curé of Saint Martin, "with two priests and divers servitors," hastened to the Leper's House, carried off the coffin,—and Clamecy triumphed.

In the next century, the disagreements with the rich Collegiate on the opposite hillside and its overlord of Auxerre seem to have continued actively; and before his departure for Paris, Monseigneur Bontemps ordered the following inscription to be placed on the door of his Chapel:

1650. CATHEDRAL OF THE BISHOPRIC OF OUR LADY
OF BETHLEHEM. AN IMMEDIATE DEPENDENCY
OF THE HOLY SEE.

Seventy-five years later, the avenging friends of Clamecy entered the portal and destroyed part of an epitaph which commemorated their rivals' ceremonies.

These petty and unworthy wars of reprisals were

brought to an abrupt end by a very real and terrible outbreak, the Great Revolution; and in 1791, the little church was sold to a certain "Citizen Denone" for less than two thousand francs, and the See was summarily abolished.

Pious Catholics of more modern days tried to buy the chapel and the building which served as an episcopal residence, and a Bishop of Nevers begged the Papal Court to allow him to use the title "of Bethlehem."

Both these efforts failed of success. By sanction of Gregory XVI, the historic name was conferred upon the Abbots of Saint-Maurice d' Agaune, and is lost "in perpetuity" among the archives of the quiet monastery of the Valais; and to-day, the humble suburb of Clamecy is shorn of all traces of ecclesiastical splendour, no violet-robed Canons walk along its dusty roads, and the ancient Cathedral of Bethlehem, which has seen the accession of fifty Bishops, is become the dining-room of the "Hotel of the Golden Ball."

Maine.

MAINE.

Le Mans.

In its general aspect, Le Mans is like many calm, prosperous, and comfortable "big towns" of France. Its physical idiosyncrasies are not marked, —its river is a small, monotonous stream, its hill is a gentle slope, the modern buildings are not beautiful; and the chief material monuments of its interesting past are the churches, Notre-Dame du Pré and its ancient crypt, the venerable Abbey of La Couture, and last and greatest of all, the Cathedral and the ecclesiastical quarter of which it is the midst.

Voisin once wrote, "a Cathedral is a book . . . which reflects all our local history"; and with the Maison Scarron, the "Grabatoire" or Canons' hospital of the XVI century, and the residence of Queen Berengaria, surrounded by priestly mansions, Le Mans offers illustrations for many pages of political chronicle and of the more vital story of the human soul. Its episcopal foundation is one of revered antiquity. Even skeptical writers admit that it dates from the coming of Julian the Patron in the III century; and Palgrave claims that Saint Dionysius was its first Bishop and that Saint Clement, the immediate successor of Saint Peter, visited

the See. From the earliest times to William Rufus, from Henry II who was baptised there to Louis XI who entered in Cape and Stole as First Canon, from the Revolution to the present day, it has had its procession of distinguished visitors, and has been the scene of several of those curious, farcical, and yet tragic incidents which mark our painful evolution from European Mediævalism.

It was at Le Mans that the Council of 1248 "forbade surgery to monks," and seriously "crippled" the science "for more than two centuries," by "withdrawing from the healing art the most thoughtful and cultivated men of the Middle Ages, and giving up surgery to the lowest class of nomadic charlatans. . . . Strange it is," when one thinks of the charred corpses of the Auto-da-fé and the mangled bodies and bloody scenes of the Inquisition, that "one of the chief objections then developed against anatomical studies was the maxim that the Church abhors the shedding of blood."

Another period brings other actors; and, writes a French annalist, "the era of that most singular . . . and 'Well-Served' King, Charles VII, was marked not only by the advent of the Maid of Orléans, but by two false 'Maidens,'—Claude, wife of Robert d'Armoises, who pretended to be Joan herself; and Jane la Feronne, the 'Pucelle of Le Mans,' who declared herself inspired, 'using without cease the Names of Jesus and Mary, yet seeming to be tormented by a demon.'" In July,

1460, this young girl left her native village, and coming to Laval, gained the favour of "the Lady" of the city, who sent her to Bishop Martin Berruyer of Le Mans.

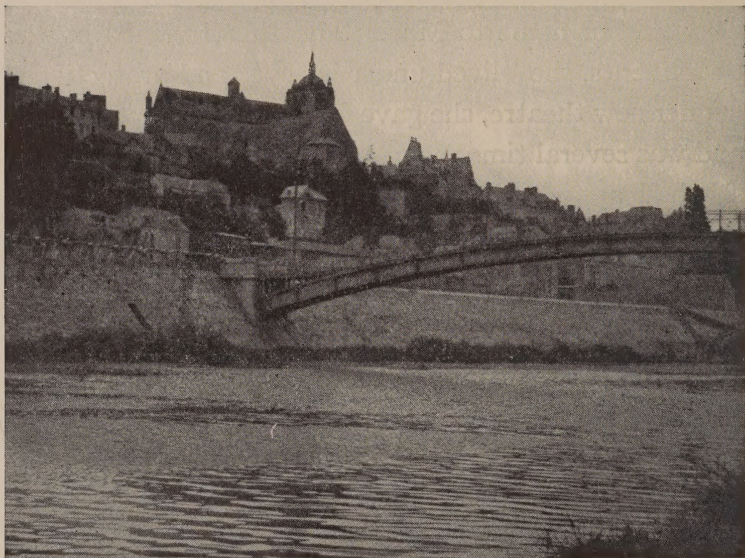
The prelate listened to the confession of "the possessed," "renewed her Baptism," confirmed her, and changed her name to Marie; and thus fortified by the Sacraments, she "lived under his eyes and protection." On her new theatre, she gave full course to her jugglery, and was several times exorcised by the aged priest after she had appeared before him "covered with wounds, bleeding, and struggling against the attacks of an invisible enemy." Then she would change tactics and make marvellous communications, "accompanied by most devout reflections on Christian sentences."

She soon became celebrated; and Monseigneur, duped by her demonstrations, felt an increasing interest in her and contributed powerfully to "extend her fame by letters to several Princes." The pious Queen of France, Mary of Anjou, "begged for her acquaintance, . . . and the Bishop's reply, preserved to us, testifies to the illusion and good will into which his credulity had plunged him."

When several of the royal officers visited her, the pretended prophetess seized her opportunity and said to them, "Recommend me most humbly to your lord, and tell him that if he would rightly acknowledge the grace God has done him, he would comfort his people."

The attention of Charles was aroused, and Jane was commanded to come to the Court, near Tours.

"Willing to prove her, as thirty-one years before he had tested Joan of Arc at Chinon, the King placed one of his familiars to play the sovereign. But the companions of Jane, knowing of the ruse, warned her, and



"THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE RIVER."—LE MANS.

she passed by and came towards Charles,—at which, confused, he scarcely knew what to do.

"On her saluting him very meekly, he said, 'Maiden, . . . you are very welcome in the Name of God, Who is cognisant of the secret between you and me.'"

At this cryptic sentence, some terror seems to have excited the hysterical mind of the trickster,—and the scene immediately changed. From an assured "Saint," she became a grovelling penitent, fell on her

knees, "confessed all her treason," and cried for mercy.

"She was conducted to . . . the Council, examined and convicted . . . and the sentence required that she should be publicly exposed in the pillories . . . of Tours, Laval, and Le Mans.

"So, on the second of May, 1461, she was put on the scaffold . . . wearing on her head a mock mitre adorned with a picture of the Devil, and with verses in Latin and French setting forth her crime." She was then appropriately "denounced" by the Grand Master of the College of Navarre.

Thus passed the poor, false "prophetess,"—to spend seven years in "a strong prison, weeping and moaning over her sins, feeding on the bread of pain, and drinking the water of sorrow."

The old Bishop whom she had deceived wished to resign his See at once, and was with difficulty persuaded that his diocese still "loved him as a Shepherd."

The Council and the impostor have gone, leaving little trace; but the Cathedral contains some material reminders of other people and customs which belong to its past. There is the noble effigy of Berengeria, with her emblems of strength and loyalty, the lion and the hare, at her feet. There is the XV century tomb of Charles IV of Anjou; and in the Baptismal Chapel, the mausoleum of Langey de Bellay who died in the XVI century. "Here," reads the epitaph, "lies Langey, who with pen and sword surpassed Cicero and Pompey." Bombast is characteristic of both words and sculpture;

and in its mere imitation of ancient models, the nearly, modern statue of a deceased Bishop is simpler and more dignified.

The Chapel of Saint Peter contains a memorial carved at the epoch of the Wars of Religion, mutilated by the Calvinists, and restored,—an “Entombment,” worthy of comparison with those at Rodez, Metz, and Nevers. In the wall of the choir, opposite the chapel, a niche is cut, “surmounted by an arch and fashioned in the interior like a desk.” It was obviously intended for a book, protected by bars of iron through which its leaves could be turned. Book and bars have disappeared, but the holes in which the iron was sealed remain, and an inscription explains the rest of the story, “Master William Thélardi, Canon of the church, has given the breviary for the use of the indigent. Pray God for him.”

The fresco of the crypt-entrance, the chapel-paintings discovered in 1842 and believed “to be of the XV century,” and the altar-piece of the north transept are worthy rather than great details. The stalls are frankly mediocre;—on the contrary, special bits of stone-work, such as the tiny door near the “Crucifixion,” show excellent carving; and the stairways in the first pillars of the choir, with their big “peepholes” upon aisle and Sanctuary, are curious examples of the useful concealed within the beautiful.

Not all the “details” of Le Mans amassed can compare with its one vast treasure,—the stained-glass of

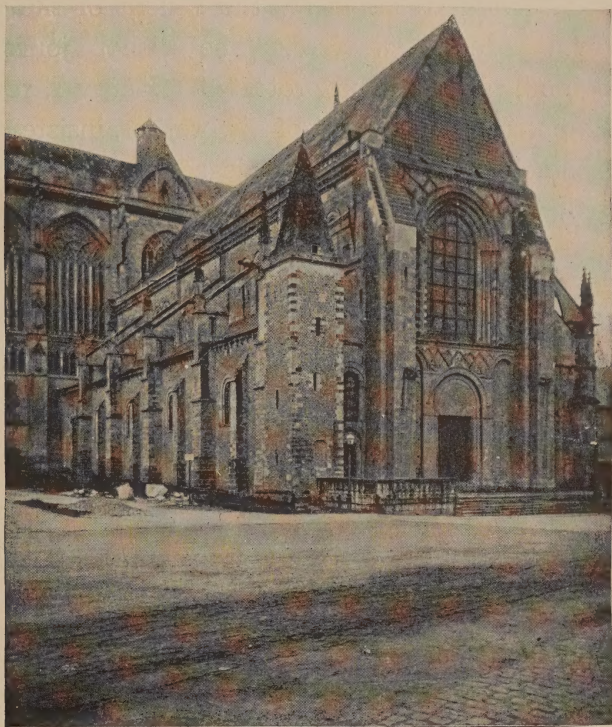
the XI century and the three following epochs. In the clerestory, the figures of David, Isaac, Moses, of Bertram, founder of La Couture, and other saintly heroes stand in the colossal panels; and the object of their adoration—the Babe in His Mother's arms, the Christ on the Cross—occupies the central window. Beneath this window is the prayer of Bishop de Louden, who in 1254 "offered it to God." The northern Rose has more than a hundred subjects, some of much historical interest; and the glass of the ambulatory, side-aisles, and chapels has its series of holy stories. One curious "portrait" is inscribed "Sinibaldus," and the traveler is led to wonder if this could be Pope Innocent IV, who "in the world" was Sinibaldo Fieschi.

It is not possible in a general study of the Cathedrals and Cloisters of the North to do more than suggest the diversity and magnificence of these subjects. The visitor with his Monograph can spend a long, profitable day among them, and Hucher has called attention to one point with which he will be impressed,—“the power and piety of the trades-guilds and, in contrast, the meagre number of gifts which came from the nobility and the bourgeoisie.” It is Furriers, Bakers, Inn-keepers, and Publicans, “tric-trac players who paid for the offering from the profits of the game,” Master-masons said to have been the Cathedral's architects, and Merchant Drapers “pictured in the glass,” who presented to Saint-Julien some of its most splendid panels.

As a whole, the church is of two decided and distinct styles; and filled with just admiration of both its Romanesque and its Gothic, apologists have endeavoured in suave and laudatory sentences to minimise the violence of the contrast between older nave and newer apse, have discovered that the juxtaposition is artistic and that it "obviates monotony." But the harmonies produced by genius are never monotonous; and to an unprejudiced observer, the effect of "the comparison" at Le Mans is too trenchant. It is as if two holy and uncongenial Saints—a Dominic and a Francis of Assisi—were brought face to face. One may revere equally the Spaniard and the Italian, and yet agree that the Inquisitor would be more at home in the Holy Office, and Saint Francis, happier among his birds. So, if its eastern end presented triple apsidioles of harmonious form, Le Mans would be an admirable Byzantino-Romanesque Cathedral; and if its choir were preceded by a consonant nave, it would be one of the noblest Gothic edifices in Christendom.

Although many of the distinguishing characteristics of their conceptions are lost, its pioneer-architects should be held in grateful remembrance—Saint-Aldric who came from Metz in the IX century and to whom we owe parts of the exterior, lateral walls of the western entrance-way, and of the insignificant tower on the Place du Château; Vulgrin, called "the grand builder of the XI century," pupil of the celebrated School of Marmoutier, whose work was destined to ruin; Amaud,

to whom also the present day owes but little; and Hoël, who erected the vaults of the side-aisles, their arcades, and the gable of the western door.



"THE FAÇADE."—LE MANS.

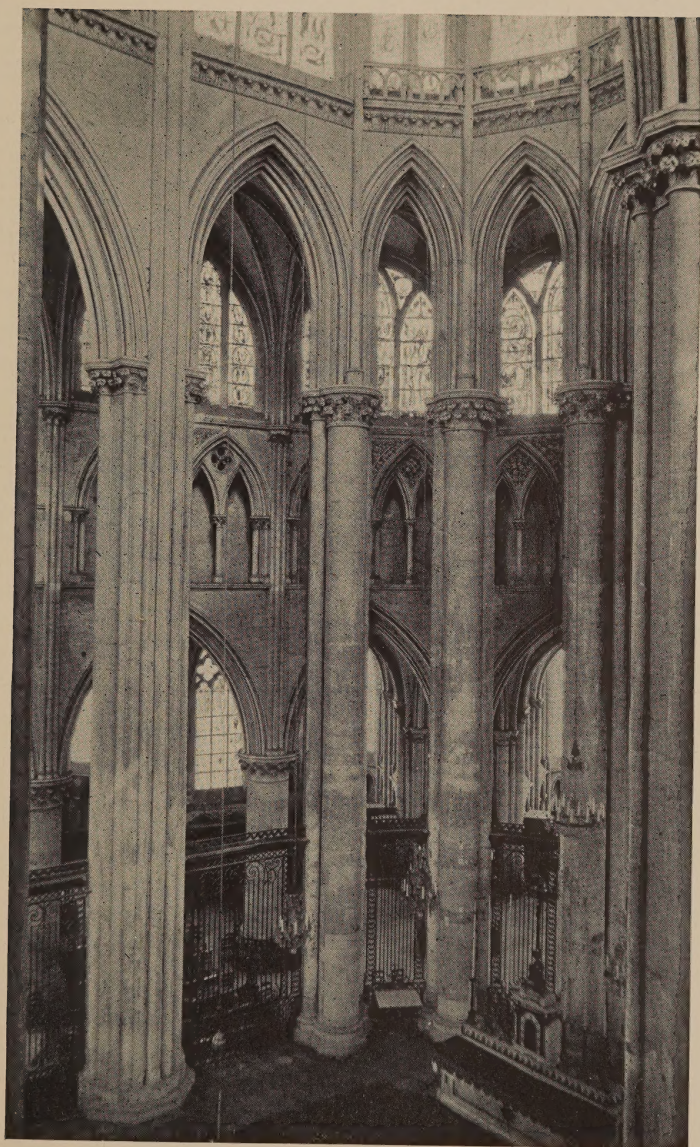
The following hundred years inaugurated important changes when Bishop Hildebert, aided by a well-taught monk of the Abbey of Vendôme, constructed the façade, massive towers, much of the nave, and the sculpture of the south portal.

It is a modern belief that "Art has fallen before

Trade" only since the dawn of our own times, but the contrary is proven by the story of Le Mans. No sooner were its belfries completed than William Rufus demanded their destruction for the benefit of the great mediæval industry, warfare. The Bishop journeyed to England, pleaded, and protested. Henry I, repeating the peremptory request of his brother, insisted that "all obstacles to those who besieged the city" should be rased,—and he was obeyed. The prelate then began, on the south side, the base of the tower which exists to-day; and informed by experience, he did not continue the structure above the level of the roof-line. Fires in 1134 and 1136 injured this edifice; and after repairing, making new vaults, and adding a porch to Hildebert's door, William de Passavant re-consecrated Saint-Julien in 1158.

Thus, by dry dates, the diversities and consistencies of the Byzantino-Romanesque at Le Mans are explained, and the early chapters of the Cathedral's chronicles are brought to a close.

The spirit of the succeeding era is well expressed in a letter "done at Melun in the month of November, 1217. . . . Philip, by the grace of God King of France, to his dear and faithful Queen Berengeria, greeting and affection,—We inform you that we willingly accede to the wish, expressed by our well-beloved Canons, to enlarge their church and extend it beyond the town wall, . . . and we consent if it is your good pleasure."



"PILLARS OF THE NOBLE CHOIR."—LE MANS.

“Accordingly, a portion of the ramparts was torn down, the work was planned, and on Easter-Day, 1254,” it was finished and “opened to the multitude.” The enthusiasm created by the sight of this vast and noble choir was so unbounded that on Monday crowds voluntarily returned “to clear away” the débris which the masons had left. “Ladies . . . removed the scraps in cloths of different colours. Mothers filled the children’s skirts with dirt, and carried babies to and fro in their arms in order that the youngest might co-operate in the common task. Other children, . . . scarcely able to toddle, delighted in carrying out ‘handfuls of dust.’ The feeble arranged their task according to their endurance; and for an entire week . . . all were willing rivals in ardour and zeal.”

The south transept was erected at the end of the XIV century, the first stone of the northern arm was laid in 1402, and, in spite of waning interest, the tower was continued. “The work of Saint-Julien” had, however, become like that of Saint-Maurice of Tours, a byword for deliberation, delays, and procrastination. Julius II, inscribed on the walls as “Sovereign Pontiff and Benefactor,” granted generous indulgences to the confraternity of his Patron and all others who, “having repented and confessed,” should visit the altars on certain chosen dates; but in so far as they contributed to material growth, no “spiritual favours” were adequate.

After 1506, when the project of building the Gothic

nave was abandoned, the constructive history of the Cathedral was virtually concluded.

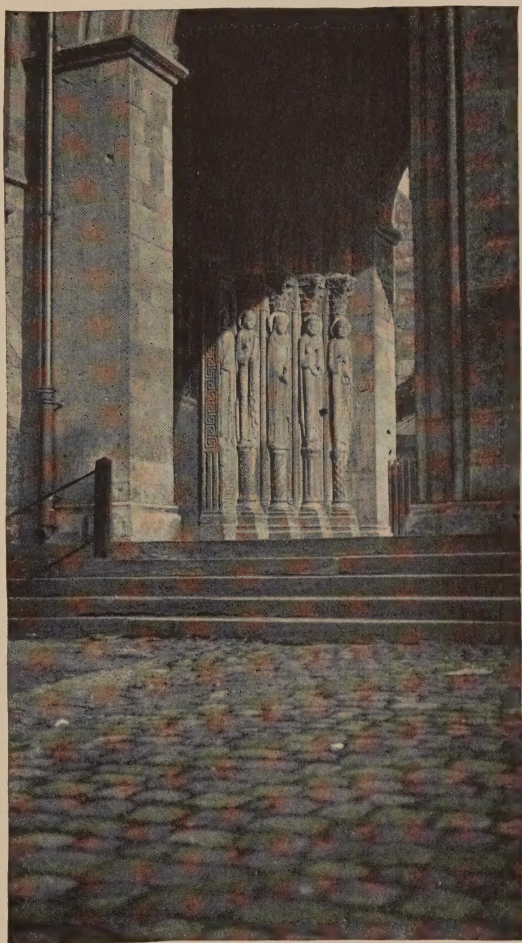
Of the several portals, that preceded by a porch, belonging to the southern aisle, is far the most important,—Bishop Hildebert's door, conceived after the ornately transitional style of the XII century and closely akin to the Royal Portal of Chartres.



"BISHOP HILDEBERT'S DOOR."—LE MANS.

Studying it from the artistic viewpoint, Lübke writes, "the capitals are executed in the freest . . . and most elegant Corinthian style; even the coping-stones are covered with . . . graceful branch-work, and the shafts of the columns on which the figures stand, as at Chartres, are rich with varied designs. All the rest is devoted to isolated works of sculpture. On the capitals, there stand ten stiff columnar figures, with

antique drapery, variously arranged but exhibiting through-
out the same
parallel folds,
and with
heads and
limbs stiff and
constrained.
Even here, in
the slender
proportions,
and still more
in the type of
the heads, the
strong pre-
sentment of
new life is
perceptible,
though still
too dependent
on the archi-
tecture. We
recognise . . .
Saints and
. . . Kings
and Queens,
all full o



"STIFF, COLUMNAR FIGURES."—LE MANS.

youth and, in spite of the severe style of concep-
tion, imbued with a breath of grace and feeling. In

a small colonnade above the door are seated the twelve Apostles,—short, heavy, stunted figures” who typify the “twelve gates of the Holy City. In the arched compartment above, solemn and severe, is the figure of Christ, with the four symbols of the Evangelists again displaying violent gestures,—a recurring trait of the plastic art of the period which, in its naïve way, endeavoured by vehement action to indicate divine inspiration. Lastly, all four archivolts surrounding the tympanum are covered with sculptures; in the centre, Angels, swinging vessels of incense, form a circle round the . . . Redeemer; and in the outer circles, the whole history of His Life . . . is depicted in distinct and simple relief, and in a quaint and life-like manner.”

Theologians of antiquarian tastes delight in the illustrations of this carven Bible. They see the pictures of the three Jerusalems,—the first “which killed the prophets before the coming of Christ; the second, the Church Militant; and the third, which is the Heavenly Kingdom.” Or they re-name the group of chapters,—the Night before the Advent, the Day following upon Jesus’ Birth, and the Light of the World Above; or, again, with a venerable clerical author, they choose to study the Holy Book under other headings,—the mysterious “Tables” of the Mosaic Dispensation, the Law of the Gospel, and God’s Rule in Heaven.

But whatever the minor lessons, one thought alone is supreme,—the myriad figures, from Solomon with

the Old Testament phylactery to the barefooted Pioneers of the New Dispensation, from Saint Peter and Saint Paul to Angels and Seraphims, are attendant on one Vision. This is the Christ, crowned with the Cruciform Nimbus, enthroned, His right Hand raised in blessing, and His Feet on a footstool, His enemies,—again the Glorious Lord Whom the XII century loved to honour, the Risen One, surrounded by the symbols of those who recorded His Life, and blessed by the Hand of the Eternal Father outstretched above Him.

Human genius is powerless to depict a Triumphant God; yet, notwithstanding inevitable limitations and the limitations of School, the representation is impressive.

The deep recess made by Guy de Passavant's porch throws these scenes into shadow, and forms a strong, plain, protective "canopy." The crenellations by which it is surmounted, obviously inharmonious, were added in 1840.

At another entrance of the south side, the Door of the Bells, the round arches are massive, the capitals, heavy, and the four cylindrical pillars rest on sturdy lions. The king of beasts seems at all times to have lent himself to sacred allegory, and Saint Charles Borromeo declares that his presence "at the door of churches . . . is advisable, . . . to indicate the vigilance of Pontiffs and to inspire respect and fear in the Faithful." Two other animals, monstrosities with snakes' heads and the bodies of birds bound together

by a cord, signify, perhaps, the wisdom of the serpent united to the harmlessness of the dove. Above the door, Samson is breaking the lion's jaw,—a XII century symbol of Christ's mission.

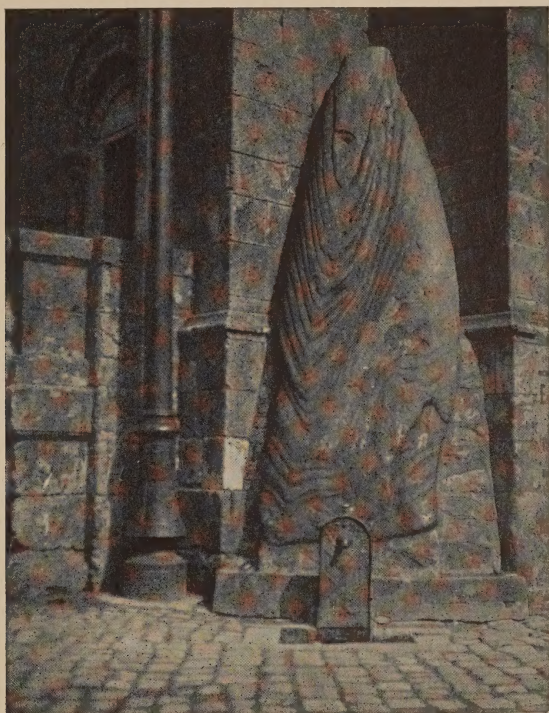
These figures are merely minor details which embody a few isolated truths. The principal sculptures tell no story; and the Romanesque here is unlike that of Bishop Hildebert's choice, its type is simple and dignified, and the elegance of its conventional ornamentation is subdued and devoid of any sumptuousness.

To both lateral entrance-ways, those of the west front offer pronounced contrast. They are of the same School, but their careful masonry and their plain, Romano-Byzantine patterns set in stone show the strength and primitive ideals of an earlier, more severe, and more awkward stage of artistic development. Two stout, straight buttresses, each burdened by a pudgy animal, divide the whole wall into three parts, and each division has its door and window. The lateral sections, terminating the side-aisles, are narrow and insignificant; and it is the middle flank which constitutes the conspicuous portion of the façade.

The first stage, preceded by a short, broad flight of steps and a low balustrade, consists of the main portal and an upper, trellised band, with a tall, blind half-arch on either side. As if he felt obliged to introduce appropriate Christian emblems, yet scarcely knew how to incorporate them into his plan, the builder has placed two at the height of the engaged columns

and stiffly set a few between the interstices of "the band."

It is believed that the Christ, with the Holy Ghost



"SOME CALL IT A 'MENHIR'; SOME, A 'MILE-POST'."—LE MANS.

in the form of a Dove, may be the remains of Saint Aldric's Cathedral, dedicated to "the Saviour of the World." A Sagittarius and a winged Dragon personify the "powers of evil,—since the arrows of the former kill innocent animals, and it is known of old times that monsters combat the Saints." Abraham sacrificing

his son typifies Faith, and an individual with an urn beneath his feet is presumably the River Jordan,—figures appropriate to a main entrance because they recall to the mind of the worshipper that he is received into the Church through Baptism and Belief.

The second story consists chiefly of a round-headed window and its finely carved frame, two smaller, blind, half-arches; and above them, the familiar Romano-Byzantine pattern, a narrow frieze, and an immense gable, the crowning point.

It is a far cry from this sober and measured architecture to the rich adornment and magnificent proportions of a Reims; and it is not with such edifices that Le Mans is to be intelligently compared. It suggests Beauvais's early, modest epoch, and in its day must have been daring in size and grandeur.

At its north-east angle stands a block of reddish granite, almost fifteen feet high. Nature fashions stones in curious shapes, and it is not known whether her skill or human hands cut the pointed top and carved the grooves, nor is there any real explanation of its present position. Some call it a "menhir," some, a "mile-post," but it is a mile-post which for us marks no definite event in the march of history.

At the opposite angle, there is a poor little tower topped by a peaked little "bonnet,"—and the whole structure is so stunted, so unpretending, that it passes unnoticed. It was built in the IV century, writes an historian quaintly, "to call the Faithful to prayer at

different hours of the day"; and now superseded in the rôle by the big belfry, it is scarcely more than an ugly, dwarfed chimney. The site of a spire, in the centre of the roofs, is covered by a small "wart-like growth" which has been aptly called "a thimble." On the southern side, above the Door of the Bells and a well-built, windowed stage of the XII century, Bishop Châtelain in 1425 raised the quasi-modern stories which form the unsuitable "termination" of Saint Julien's one prominent tower. It would seem as if, in some occult way, the command of William Rufus still had power, as if Le Mans were destined to remain forever denuded of that which it so much needs, the lofty spires which would add symmetry and majesty to its large magnificence.

The ancient lateral walls have two divisions,—the first, with the windows of 1092, and the cornice supported by heads; the second with the later, round-headed, twin windows; and the single flying-buttresses, the pinnacles, and the balustrade of pointed design. This nave, long and low, is overshadowed by the superb transepts which loom above it; and these in turn, when contrasted with the apse, pale in ineffectual elegance.

Erected on a hillside above the Sarthe, the floor of the choir is in places almost seventeen feet above the level of the earth, and only an architect can realise the skill which was necessary to construct the enormous foundations on "rising ground." The usual Gothic plan was accepted,—magnified and idealised. Three

tiers of windows succeed each other, one in the encircling chapels, one belonging to the ambulatory, and the clerestory; there are three balustrades; and three tiers of flying-buttresses, rising in bold sequence, support the tremendous height and thrust.



"THE BUTTRESSES."—LE MANS.

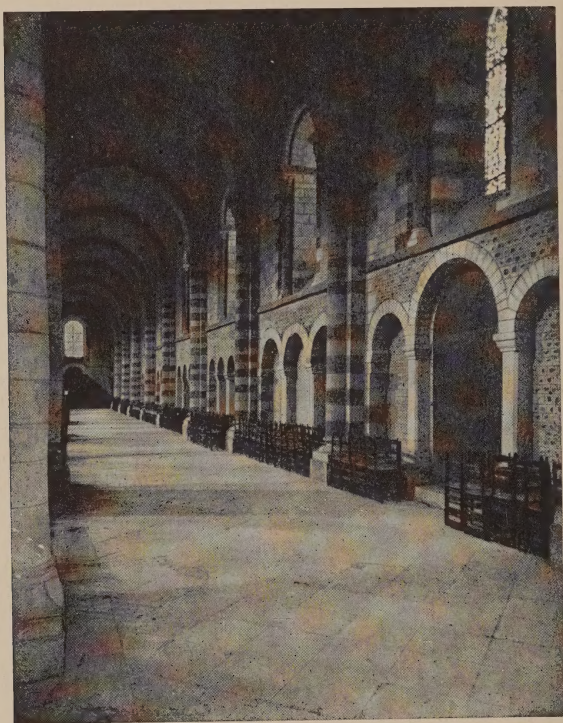
Except a narrow stairway, and one chapel of the southern side, the details follow grandly the conventional scheme. The buttresses, which end in pinnacles and are decorated with niches and statues, are fine in their sweeping strength rather than because of their ornaments; and between them stand the windows, vast panes of glass on which the stone traceries are etched in admirable design.

The only Gothic parts to be finished were the transepts and the choir. There is no consonant nave to continue the vast outline, no tall spires to give contrasting height, nor has Saint-Julien the rare and distinguished proportions of the exterior of Beauvais,—it is more massive, it appears more mammoth; and like Saint-Pierre, it is merely a beginning, the sad and glorious proof of what might have been had the plan been materialised.

It will probably be conceded that both portions of the interior are more impressive, more beautiful in conception, and more nearly complete than the exterior; and if possible, the differences in style seem accentuated. Those who study the western end must sigh in pity that it has no appropriate apses; and those looking at the eastern end would feel ready to demolish the Romanesque portions if, by some magic, they could evoke in their stead a consonant, pointed nave.

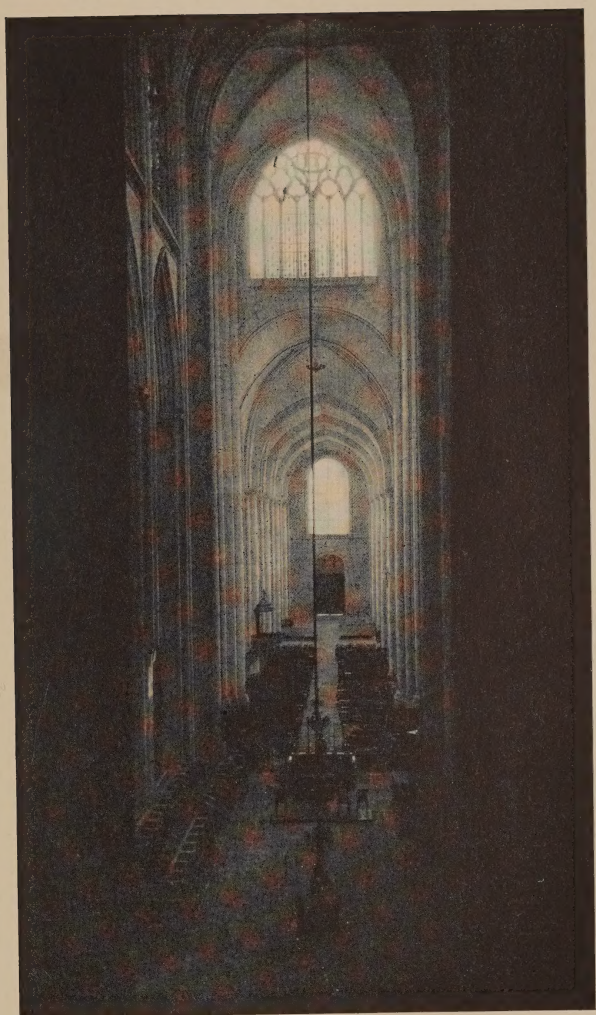
Turning one's back on the choir, one sees a hall that is modified by Transitional ideals, yet is essentially of the Romano-Byzantine types of the XI and XII centuries. The nave and the side-aisles present several individual and salient peculiarities,—the one has a domical vault of Byzantine form, the others have a groined vaulting, the former consists of five arches, and the latter—equally long—have ten bays. The aisles, with their arcades, deeply recessed windows, and alternation of brick and stone, recall the south and Byzantium; the nave, on the contrary, in spite of its

cup-like roofing, suggests the influence of the Isle-de-France, Saint-Denis, and especially Noyon. Its round pillars and engaged columns, its small, decorative



“ AN AISLE WHICH IS ESSENTIALLY OF A ROMANO-BYZANTINE TYPE.”—LE MANS.

triforium, and the generous arches which contain the clerestory windows are admirable; and the carvings of the capitals have the varied characteristics of their period,—simple, foliated designs of the new School, and the human faces, animals, and harpies dear to the older



"A LARGE GOTHIC WINDOW OCCUPIES 'THE FALL' FROM THE CHOIR VAULT TO THE COMPARATIVELY STUNTED ARCH OF THE NAVE."—LE MANS.

sculptors. Most curious of all, there is another illustration of Isaiah's text, "wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove," two birds with snakes' heads, drinking from one Chalice.

A humble detail of the aisles is not without interest,—the stone ledges along the walls. In the early days, these were the only seats in the church, and were intended for the infirm and for weary pilgrims. Other worshippers leaned on sticks or staves, writes Bishop Hildebert, "except as the words of the Lord are read, . . . when they quit every support and stand with uncovered heads."

The few steps between nave and choir mark the abrupt change from Romanesque to Gothic; and Prosper Mérimée describes the impression as "that of leaving the Temple of an ancient religion to enter that of a new Faith. Capitals covered with monsters, with fantastic creatures, with hideous masks, seem the ornaments of a barbarous cult, while the thousand varieties of foliage, the harmonious colours of the glass give an idea of a calm and kindly belief."

Considering the irreconcilable difference of style, the material adjustment has not been awkwardly effected. A large and handsome Gothic window occupies "the fall" from the choir vaulting to the comparatively stunted arch of the nave, and it is beneath the window that one reads the inscription "to Julius II, Supreme Pontiff, Benefactor."

The transepts are impressive; but transepts are like

handmaidens,—whatever their intrinsic beauty, it is inevitably eclipsed by their subordinate position. Built in 1393 and 1402, those of Le Mans are very similar. They belong to the brilliant, effective Gothic School, they are even slightly Flamboyant; and the etchings made by the fine, stone bars of their balustrades and windows, and the rich tones of the roses and the pointed panels of glass are luxuriant.

About the deep, shadowy Sanctuary, slender pillars, reinforced by little applied columns, rise in noble height to support their capitals and the lofty arches. This stage is surmounted by a frieze; and above it rises the sole remaining story, the hemicycle of dark glowing windows. To carry out the conventional idea of the triforium, a balustrade was placed at the base of the clerestory.

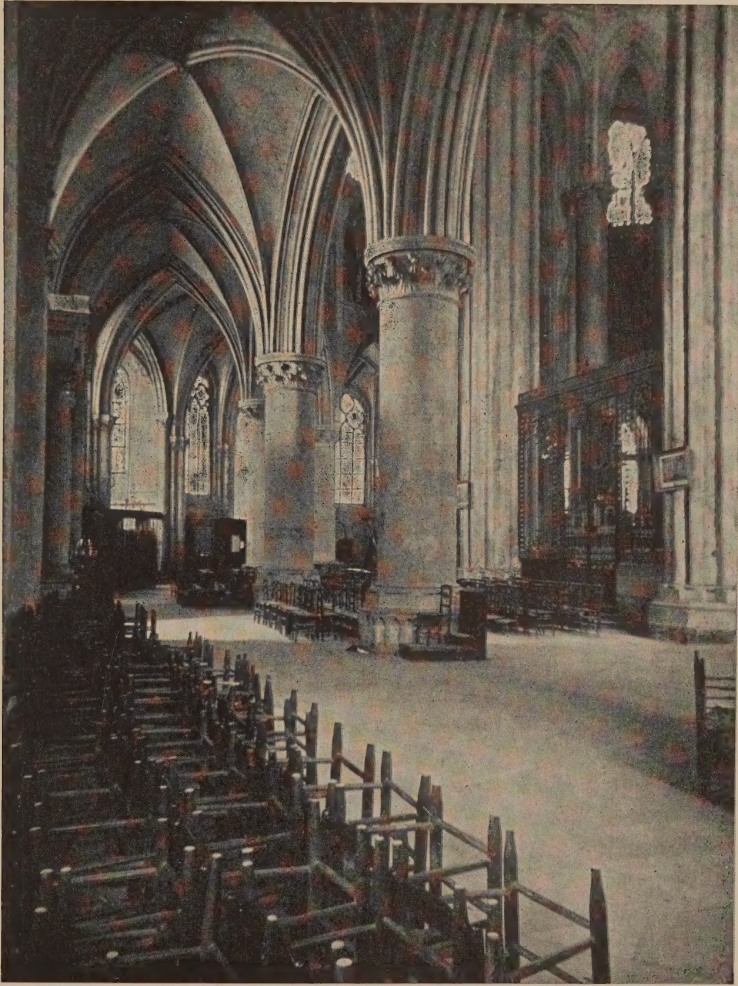
The first ambulatory, the "big walk," is narrow, tall, and stately; and each ornament, each proportion, from the big bases of the columns to the stone roses of the gallery, is full of interest. Staunch monoliths hold the broad arches and foliated capitals; in the triforium, every bay has its single or twin arcade subdivided by tiny pillars and adorned with exquisite carvings; and a horizontal cornice, extending above the arcades, serves as a base to windows which are as rich and glowing as those of the Sanctuary.

Round about this ambulatory stretches the low, claustral "little aisle." Here the outer wall does not consist of the usual, continuous succession of arches;



"THE FIRST AMBULATORY, NARROW, TALL, AND STATELY."—LE MANS.

its bays are alternately so pierced; and the intervening



"ROUND ABOUT THE FIRST AMBULATORY STRETCHES THE LOW,
CLAUSTRAL . . . AISLE."—LE MANS.

section is decorated by a series of blind arcades, surmounted by a window which is always simulated in the

straight portion of the aisles, always open in the curve of the Sanctuary.

The plan demanded twelve chapels, gathered around that of "Our Lady of the Apse like the Apostles about the Mother of their vanished Lord." Ten of the twelve alcoves are alike,—deep, and spacious, and of distinguished symmetry; the first and the last, at the ends of the hemicycle, are more shallow and have two entrances. That of the south side now serves as vestibule to the Sacristy, a particularly beautiful chamber because of the column which rises in the centre, like a stately, slender tree, to aid in supporting the vault.

As its name implies, "Our Lady of the Apse" is a church in miniature, and it is so charmingly constructed with its graceful, diminutive reproductions of arch and column, that it is worthy of rank with analogous works at Evreux and Rouen. A door in its wall leads to a stairway; and descending the steps, one enters a crypt which is covered by a massive roof and lighted by very long, narrow windows.

It will be obvious to those who know the French Cathedrals that the choir of Le Mans is to be classified with the small group in which Coutances, Bourges, and Beauvais are found; and Viollet-le-Duc declares that, "were it not for the unwonted depth of its apsidal chapels, Saint-Julien would present a disposition absolutely parallel with that of . . . Bourges; but the construction, the arrangement of the chapels, the details of the architecture," in a word, the whole "system,"

is much more scientific and "more beautiful" than Saint Stephen's.

In the strictly classical sense of the word "beauty," even the admirers of Bourges must admit that the claim is justified. But this is not an admission of artistic inferiority. It is the beginning of a differentiation,—



"LE MANS'S CHOIR."

part of the distinction between two works whose greatness is perhaps equal. Le Mans's choir is the pure XIII century Gothic in all its rich, suave, and imposing majesty; Bourges shows forth that same century in its noble and austere grandeur; and who shall affirm that this is a difference of degree rather than of kind?

It has been well said that the "chief aim of Christian art is less to please the eye than to move the soul"; and in the fulfilment of the higher purpose, Saint-

Julien is so remarkable that some one has spoken of "its power of religious expression" as if it were a saintly preacher rather than an inanimate monument of stone.

Such is the mighty and splendid Sanctuary constructed by permission of King Philip.

It was begun in the most favourable of epochs. Maine had been united to the Royal Domain, Amiens and Reims were in the building, and the genius of the Isle-de-France was at its zenith. In order that the new choir might occupy its present site, no pains were spared, no obstacle—however tedious or terrifying—was allowed to prevail;—and the result justified, indeed glorified, every effort and every expenditure.

More spacious than the whole of the Cathedral which was to be supplanted, size is the least of its claims to consideration. Intrinsically it is a creation apart, a great conception of "the inspired era." It is not devout Brittany, nor powerful Normandy, nor haughty Anjou which gave this edifice to Gothic art. In Maine and Maine only, among the provinces of the north-west, arose the "work" which ranks with the most sublime of French genius, a "work" which is as inspiring as Amiens, as perfect as Reims, and as "religious" as Paris.

Anjou.

ANJOU.

Angers.

Who that has wandered in the pretty garden of the old Abbey of Saint John of Angers would regret spending another sunny afternoon in the midst of its broken capitals and columns, its flowers and its shady walks? Who has turned from the dull street into the lovely, grass-grown ruins of All Saints without a feeling of pity at so much devastation and delight at so much beauty? Who has spent a month in the small Angevin city and would not return to stay as long again?

Unspoiled by the tourist, sufficiently modern to be habitable, picturesque, and well-known to history, it offers in itself and its surrounding country a myriad of pleasures and day-dreams among differing monuments of the mediæval past.

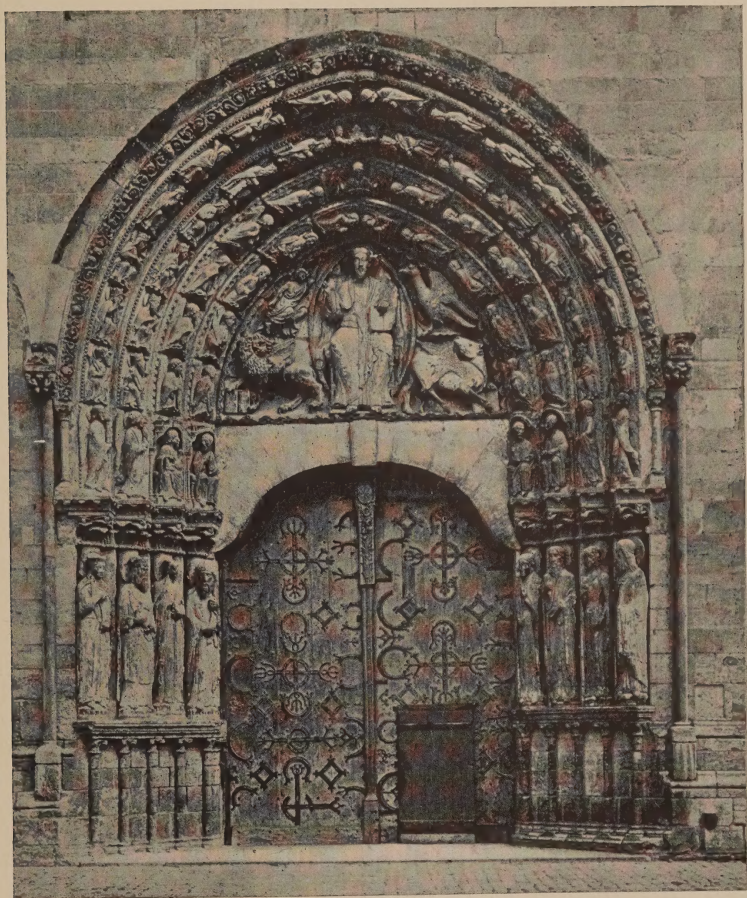
The great hospital with its appropriate paintings, the sombre, brown bastions of the Castle, the tiny crypt of the Ronceray, and the Tower of Saint-Aubin are only a few of the city's treasures; and they are not merely the creations of unknown men and the habitations of courtiers long forgotten and of monks and nuns whose pious memory has died with them,—Henry II, the

Plantagenet, held court in Angers, Saint-Louis and Yolande of Aragon lived in the Château, and the handsome Logis Barrault is doubly interesting because Cæsar Borgia stayed there when he visited Louis XII, "his oriental magnificence contrasting strangely with the simplicity of the French monarch." The statue of Margaret of Anjou, protecting her unfortunate, little son, suggests a very different princely character, "fair and gracious, ardent and resolute"; and David d'Angers's figure of "the good King René," standing near the bastions, reminds the citizens that their town, as well as Aix, was a "capital" of the romantic ruler of Jerusalem, Sicily, and Italy, Duke in the North, and Count of Provence in the South.

Perhaps because the number of religious foundations divided the largesses of the rulers and burghers, the Church of Saint-Maurice is without that splendour which one would expect to find in a Cathedral of the domain of magnificent Dukes and Kings. Its interior is not truly majestic, the poor remnant of its Cloister is in a sorry condition, its flat and narrow façade has something of the sad emaciation of a spinster, and the central cupola, with the gallery of warriors, is a blemish.

The important dates of its construction are few; and to the student of architecture, full of enlightenment. Dedicated in 1030, all except the lower part of the primitive edifice was burned in 1032; and the remaining substructures were utilised in the making of another church which was finished before 1200. It

was not till the XVI century that the towers were completed.



"THE . . . DOOR OF THE WESTERN FAÇADE."—ANGERS.

During the preceding three hundred years, only the transept and unimportant chapels had been added; in 1274, the choir was lengthened; and a porch, which has

since been destroyed, was placed before the western portal.

These bare facts show that Saint-Maurice is chiefly of two epochs,—the one before the opening of 1200, and the other, the XVI century; that it was begun before the best development of the Gothic could have been foreseen, continued in the decline of the art, and almost totally neglected during the entire period of that unbounded architectural enthusiasm which swept France from the Channel to the Mediterranean.

Its highest type, clearly that of its early portions and called "Angevin," is reminiscent of a School whose followers were not numerous,—the Gallo-Byzantine which, farther southward, produced a few superb examples of its domical style. The Gothic, with one exception, is its latest and least admirable phase.

The "exception" is the small and solitary door of the western front,—the important portal. The triumphant Christ of its tympanum, surrounded by the symbols of the four Evangelists, recalls Arles, Moissac, Bourges, and a score of fine Cathedrals and Abbeys; human personages, presumably the twenty-four elders of the Apocalypse, and the host of adoring Angels fill the archway; and the eight large statues are supposed to represent Moses, Aaron, Joshua, David, and other famous characters of the Old Testament. Beyond the embrasure, as if to mark the portal's boundary line, stands a single, slender column; and the outer edge of the tympanum has a border which is carved with a

conventional pattern and rests on the capitals of two diminutive pillars. Such details are the result of the lingering Romanesque influence, and the whole strong conception shows the recent evolution from more ancient forms. It is not as graceful as the simpler, contemporaneous portal at Senlis, it is somewhat archaic and somewhat stiff; but it has power, the vigour and promise of the Gothic's tentative efforts.

The second story of the façade is decorated with tall, blind arcades, and the usual pointed window in its centre is large and sufficiently effective. The towers, continued in two similar tiers of arcades and terminating in balconies, appear much too lofty for their comparatively frail bases. They receive the commonplace spires which, originally built in the XVI century, were several times burned and replaced, and finally copied again in 1840.

Between the towers, the Pseudo-Classic, with its unflinching lack of taste in things ecclesiastical, erected a cupola, a sort of observatory of so mongrel a nature that any good master-mason would repudiate it. It was destroyed by fire in 1831; and nine years later, through zeal untempered by judgment, a duplicate was restored to its incongruous position.

A row of statues stand at the base of the structure,—lusty warriors of the Renaissance accoutred in the military costume of the day, and called "Saint Maurice and his companions." It has been aptly said that they have "no attribute either of saintliness or of martyr-

dom," and remind the modern onlooker forcibly of Porthos, Athos, d'Artagnan, and their jolly brothers-at-arms,—individuals who should appear in no holy calendar. Although they are prepared for battle, the



"IMPOSING AS IT RISES, . . . ABOVE THE ROOF-TOPS OF THE CITY."—
ANGERS.

motto of the soldiers reads, "Give peace in our time, O Lord, and disperse those who wish for war. 1540." The juxtaposition of peaceful words and bellicose demonstration now seems satirical; yet the unconscious humour of the past age is not so different from the irony of to-day, when governments with the same pen sign amicable messages to The Hague and orders for dreadnoughts.

Imposing as it rises sheer and bold above the river and the roof-tops of the city, the façade, on analysis, can show no magnificent part. The rest of the exterior has severe, almost angular outlines and is somewhat marred



"THE DECAVING REMAINS OF A CLOISTER."—ANGERS.

by patches and repairs, and its dimensions are without grandeur. It possesses, nevertheless, a certain patriarchal dignity, and measured and notable decoration in the frieze cut at the top of the walls, and the sculptured band which extends between the long windows and passes over their rounded frames.

The transepts, with the parody of a tower, are low and unimpressive; no great porch adorns either the north or the south side; and perhaps because a rose

window is always associated with the Gothic, the roses, like the pointed windows of the apse, are out of harmony with the best of the Cathedral's styles. The entrance-way through the dilapidated remains of the Cloister is melancholy; and it would seem as if these decaying arches were more worthy of restoration than the ugly cupola.

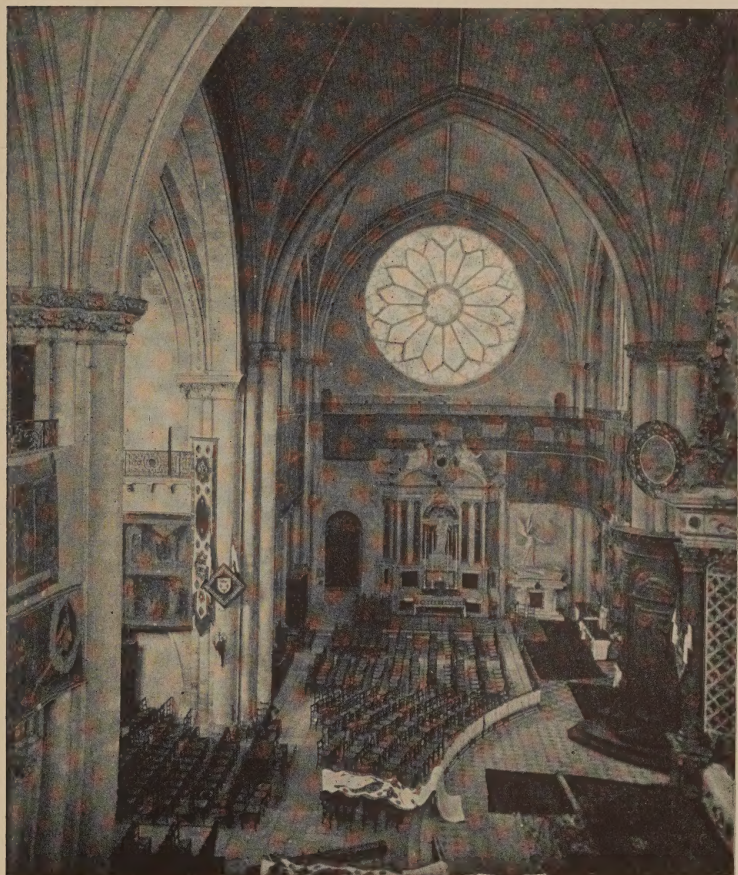
In the interior, the nave presents an aisleless room of regular plan and sober ornamentation. It is a small, minor Angoulême that is not without elegance. Each of its bays has two stages, and each stage contains a large, pointed arch. Within the lower arch are three others, rounded and symmetrical; the upper bay contains finely proportioned twin windows; and between the stories, a stone ledge rests on numerous carved heads and figures. The choir, of kindred construction, is modified in the Gothic fashion,—the first story is higher, and has a series of pointed, blind arcades; and, unfortunately, in the changes of 1274, the windows of the eastern end were given a decidedly Gothic character.

The transepts also followed the later rather than the earlier influences. That of the south side was built between 1178 and 1198, that of the northern side was not completed until 1240; and although they imitate the general idea of the two primitive stories, their detail is different, they tend to the graceful rather than to the massive, and their roses accentuate the growing domination of the invading style. Happily the semi-domed shape of the intersecting vaulting is reproduced



"THE NAVE IS AN AISLELESS ROOM."—ANGERS.

throughout the church; and this, with the faithful reproduction of the two-storied device, has preserved



"THE TRANSEPTS FOLLOW THE LATER . . . STYLE."—ANGERS.

it from disfiguring change. The deviations, however, are not improvements, and it was a pity to disturb the consonance of the Angevin conception.

The chapels, not integral to the original scheme, were so discreetly added that they do not affect its symmetry. On entering at the western door, the big rooms to right and left pass unnoticed; and one sees the Latin Cross created by a shallow apse, broad transepts, and a comparatively long nave,—a small edifice, not lofty, not spacious, but without artificiality, and pleasing because of its good contours, its foliated capitals, deeply cut borders, and interesting cornices.

Those who visit Saint-Maurice in modern days find some difficulty in discovering the architecture of the interior behind the conglomerate ecclesiastical furnishings which conceal it on all sides. An ornate Gothic pulpit stands against its Gallo-Byzantine wall, altars of every description hide the arcades of the transepts, and a monstrous, baldaquined High Altar of the XVIII century blocks the entrance of the choir. As if to complete the defacement of the white Sanctuary, high brown stalls have been placed about it; and when Saint-Maurice is hung with the banners of a feast-day, little can be seen except the windows and the vaulting. It is scarcely possible to overestimate the blighting effect of an inordinate number of heterogeneous colours and shapes in a church of somewhat formal lines, unostentatious ornamentation, and restricted size. The building is simply eclipsed.

Among the mass of furnishings so inartistic as to appear irreligious, there are a few monuments of real value. The modern tomb of a Bishop of Angers and

the pulpit's lavish sculptures are praised, and the Holy Water font near the west door, said to have been given by King René, is a very curious object,—an ancient, marble basin resting on the backs of a pair of crouching lions.

Besides these details, the Cathedral has two most

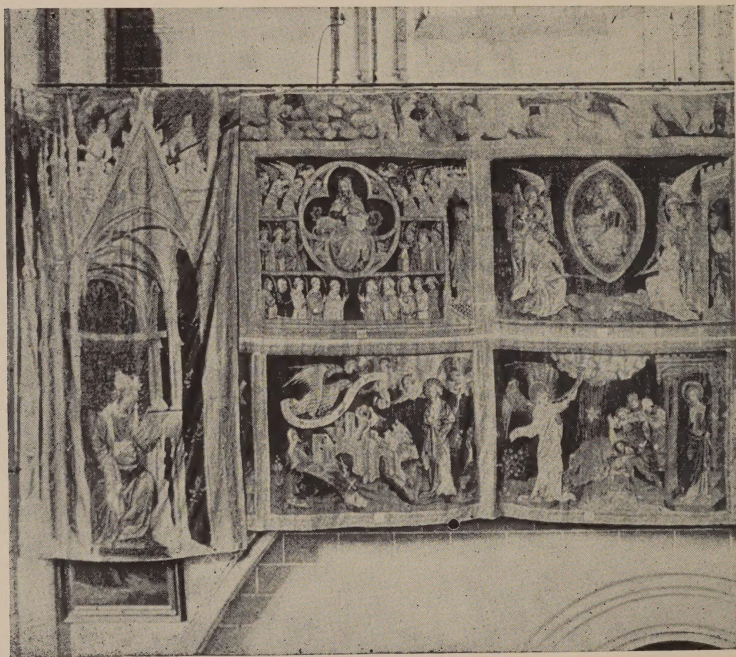


“THE HOLY WATER FONT, SAID TO HAVE BEEN GIVEN
BY KING RENÉ.”—ANGERS.

precious treasures,—the one, its own integral part and possession, the splendid remnants of XII, XIII, and XV century glass, and the other, its rare tapestries.

The story of the priceless hangings is one of hair-breadth escapes. Even after the Revolution and the Concordat, some of the collection were being used to protect the floor of Monseigneur's Palace when workmen repaired the ceiling, and others were tacked around

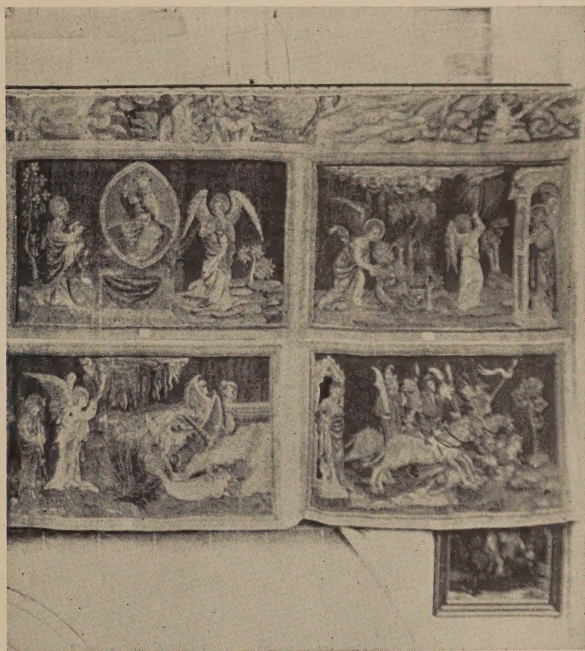
the stalls of Monseigneur's stable. Through the infinite care of a learned priest, the Abbé Joubert, an admirable series of the "pictures" was rescued and mended, and now the walls of Saint-Maurice are adorned with



"THE MAGNIFICENT TAPESTRY."—ANGERS.

illustrations for a whole treatise on methods of weaving, panel after panel which show its successive changes from the XIV to the XVIII centuries,—“the Apocalypse,” a magnificent series begun in 1377 for Louis, brother of King Charles V; the “Christ before Pilate” and “Saint John the Baptist” of the XV century; the “Life of

Saint-Saturnin" made a hundred years later when tapestry aped the manner of painting; a XVII century "Life" of the same Saint, and the "True Cross," with



"PANELS OF THE TAPESTRY."—ANGERS.

their dull and monotonous tones; and numerous minor examples of the rise and fall of the art.

Close to the church is still another mediæval treasure, which does not belong to Saint-Maurice and yet has been connected with it. This is the remarkable mansion which is—or formerly was—the Bishop's residence. It has been justly called "a rare monument of civil architecture," and was restored in the last century by

Viollet-le-Duc. As superb as the home of the proudest noble, it suggests much more vividly than does the Cathedral, power and rank, costly pomp, and elegance of taste.

Yet in walking through its halls, the Traveller was reminded, not of princely priests, but rather of a thoughtful prelate, an Angevin pastor worthy of his page of honour in the "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology."

In 1588, reads the narrative, "Martha Brossier, a country girl, was, it was claimed, possessed of the devil. The young woman was to all appearance under direct Satanic influence. She roamed about, begging that the demon might be cast out of her, and her imprecations and blasphemies brought consternation wherever she went. Myth-making began on a large scale; stories grew and spread. The Capuchin monks thundered from the pulpits throughout France regarding these proofs of the power of Satan; the alarm spread, until at last even jovial, skeptical King Henry IV was disquieted, and the reigning Pope was asked to take measures to ward off the evil.

"Fortunately there then sat in the episcopal chair of Angers a prelate who had apparently imbibed something of Montaigne's skepticism; and when the case was brought before him, he submitted it to the most time-honoured of sacred tests. He first brought into the girl's presence two bowls, one containing Holy Water, the other ordinary spring water, but allowed her to

draw a false inference regarding the contents of each; the result was that at the presentation of the Holy Water the devils were perfectly calm, but when tried with the ordinary water they threw Martha into convulsions.

"The next experiment made by the shrewd Bishop was to similar purpose. He commanded loudly that a book of exorcisms be brought, and, under a previous arrangement, his attendants brought him a copy of Virgil. No sooner had the Bishop begun to read the first line of the *Æneid* than the devils threw Martha into convulsions. On another occasion a Latin dictionary, which she had reason to believe was a book of exorcisms, produced a similar effect.

"Although the Bishop was thereby led to pronounce the whole matter a mixture of insanity and imposture, the Capuchin Monks denounced this view as godless. . . . The people at large sided with their preachers, and Martha was taken to Paris where various exorcisms were tried. . . .

"But Bishop Miron was not the only skeptic. The Cardinal de Gondi, Archbishop of Paris, charged the most eminent physicians of the city . . . to report upon the case . . . and the verdict was that Martha was simply a hysterical impostor. Thanks, then, to medical science, and to these two enlightened ecclesiastics who summoned its aid, what fifty or a hundred years earlier would have been the centre of a widespread epidemic of possession was isolated, and hindered from producing a national calamity."

Dr. White concludes that Montaigne's Essays, published in 1580, "had spread an atmosphere of incredulity over many leading minds," and that the case of Martha Brossier and the Bishop "indicates the growth of this . . . tendency even in the higher regions of the French Church." The inference is undoubtedly logical; yet the incident serves to typify not only a tendency of the age, but a trait of national character, that clearness of vision, that logical faculty, in a word that "great good common-sense" which lies at the basis of the French character and has been illustrated in the Church by Miron of Angers and a host of teachers from Saint Hilary to Lacordaire.

Laval.

LAVAL.

Laval.

Vitré, Fougères, Mayenne, Laval, towns above ravines and on the slopes of hills, towns on whose outskirts the broom and the gorse grow wildly, crags and stretches of wood, fertile fields and green meadows,—this is the border-land of the Frères Cottereau and of the strange and implacable Chouans. Saint-Owen-of-the-Roofs with the Closerie du Poirier, the parental home of the intrepid sharpshooters; the Misedon Woods, a well-known Royalist refuge; and many another spot made famous by skirmishes between free-lance and regulars, lie in the picturesque countryside. “Concealed enemies were lurking behind hedges . . . and in every lovely valley. Every farm was a fortress, every tree was a snare in disguise, not an old, hollow, willow trunk but concealed a stratagem. The scene of encounters lay in all directions. At each corner of the roads, muskets were lying in wait for the ‘Blues’; young girls, smiling as they went, would think it no treachery to lure them under the fire of cannon, and go afterwards with their fathers and brothers on pilgrimages to ask for absolution, and to pray at the shrine of some carved and gilded Virgin that they might be inspired

with fresh deceits." In war, nothing is unfair; and "they were conscientiously treacherous . . . serving God and the King by fighting like Mohicans."

Among the strongholds of the historic region, Fougères seems the most boldly picturesque, Vitré and Sainte-Suzanne, Jublains, Mayenne, and a score of



"THE CHÂTEAU."—LAVAL.

others are full of interest, and the little city of Laval is, perhaps, the most peaceful and agreeable.

"A single, wide street, the road from Paris to Brest," crosses it from one end to the other; and beside the broad highway, it has numerous small streets clustered with houses. Although modern fashions are creeping into the old place, they have not spoiled it; and near the ancient bridge and the banks of the Mayenne, rises a dark, fortress-like building with a mediæval donjon, a continual reminder of the Hundred Years' War and

Jeanne de Laval who married the valiant du Guesclin, of Anne de Laval who in the XV century bravely defended her Château against the English, of the Chouan, Pierre Cottureau, who died on a scaffold near-by, and of Antoine-Philippe de la Tremouille, the Prince of Talmont, loyal to the Republic, "who was seized by the Royalists and executed at the age of twenty-eight years before the gates of the Castle . . . which had been the home of his family for nine hundred years."

These stirring events are in no way connected with the Bishopric which, existing in the midst of legend, conservatism, and a venerable Christianity, is itself without antiquity,—a See irregularly erected in 1790, and properly "created" and sanctioned in 1855.

The new prelates did not begin to build, and found three churches which might aspire to the rank of Cathedral,—Notre-Dame des Cordeliers, damp, time-worn, Gothic, and situated near the busy centre of the high-road; Saint-Vénérand of the XV century; and "The Trinity," which stands apart from all noise and bustle, at the top of the hill and close by a grim and majestic gate, the mediæval Porte Beucheresse.

They chose The Trinity.

There is no point of view from which the structure shows the slightest trace of nobility, or even of impressiveness. From the river, its low tower looks puny and its insignificant roofs are just visible in grey, monotonous outline; from the open square, the walls are irregular; and it is only on the southern side that its

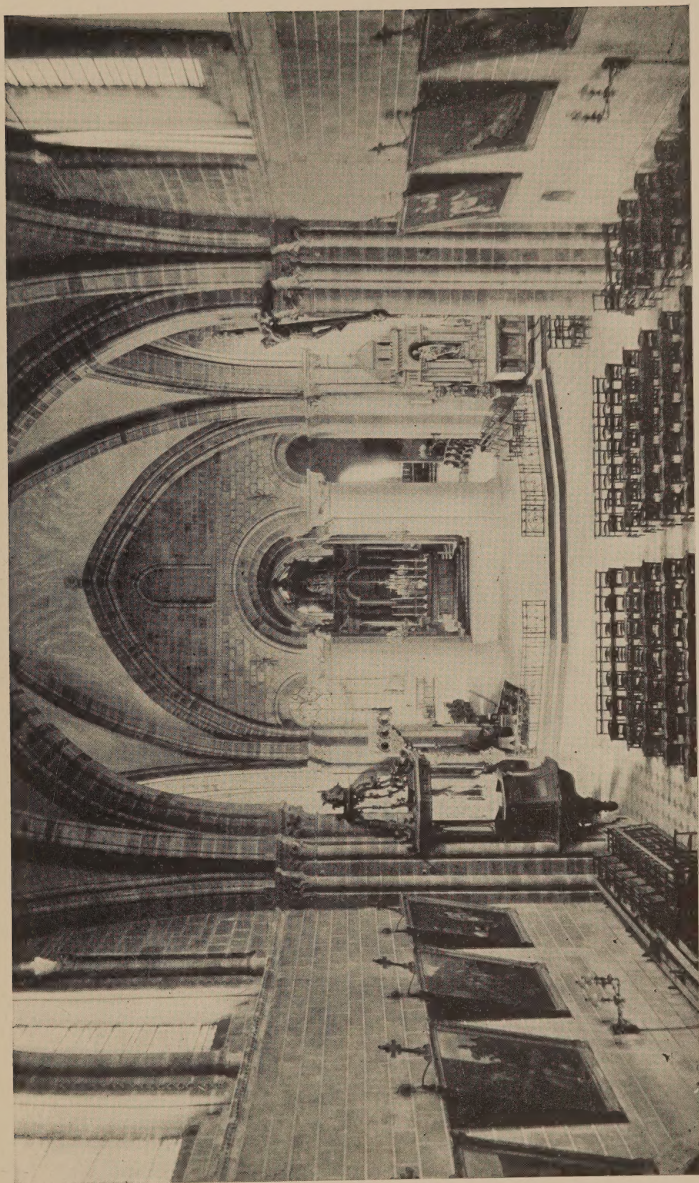
aspect is pleasing, like that of some unpretending parish church surrounded by trees.

The exterior seems to defy a description,—of which it is scarcely worthy. A portal re-made in the Renaissance fashion has ruined the modest façade, and a pompous stairway and a grandiose entrance of the same



"LIKE AN UNPRETENDING PARISH CHURCH, SURROUNDED BY TREES."—LAVAL.

decadent style deface the north transept. Eastward, a bay with a round window and a gable is succeeded by two, more ornate, and pointed bays that hold Gothic windows; and these constructions, with similar gables on the south side, and the square, irregularly peaked apse-end, belong to the poor Gothic of the XVI century. The angular excrescences at the south-eastern corner of the apse have no distinctive character; and



"IT PRESENTS DIVERSE STYLES."—LAVAL.

it is not until the transept of this side has been reached that The Trinity arouses the mildest æsthetic enthusiasm.

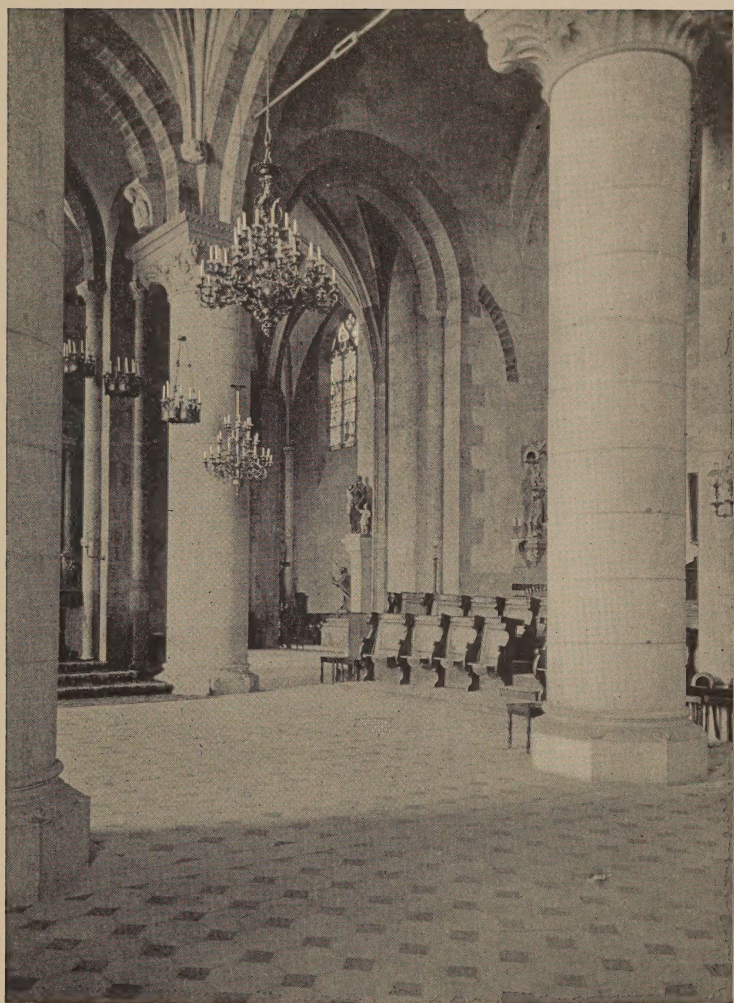
Here is the example of an unobtrusive work of the XII century. The well-proportioned Romanesque door flanked by large, blind arches that are surmounted by empty niches, a frieze, then a second story very like the first, another frieze, a balcony, a gable, and a Cross constitute the stages of a formal but unaffected conception. Above it, to the right, rises the short tower with its Romanesque lancets, its story of smaller openings, and its homely, peaked cap; and to the left stretches the fine, staunch, old nave with the frieze above its rounded window frames. The belfry, which dates from 1110, and the transept and the nave of 1180 have been much restored. They belong to a grand and venerable School of Christian architecture which often produced buildings of simple dignity and never descended to the meretricious or the vulgar; and since the Gothic of the apse is commonplace and the Pseudo-Classicism of the north portal is obnoxious, it is a pity that they, and not the Romanesque, should be the more prominent portions of the exterior.

At first glance, the interior is puzzling. Presenting, as it does, diverse styles in close juxtaposition, the general effect is far from happy, and one is inclined to see only a strange medley of chapels and aisles fulfilling inartistically enough their Christian function. By no power of imagination or kindly indulgence could

so conglomerate a whole be described as harmonious. The plan, however, can be easily elucidated; and in the task, the student finds compensation in some beautiful and interesting details.

The most primitive construction is clearly that of the central part and the south transept,—a kernel, as it were, which is almost surrounded by later structures of varying dates. Towards the east extend the aisle and chapels of the square Gothic choir of the XVI century, which is comparatively spacious and comparatively uninspired. The northern transept, with its Pseudo-Classic ceiling that “looks all white marble and medallions,” faces, in violent dissimilarity, the sober Romanesque arches and the gallery of the southern “arm” of the church. To the west opens the aisleless nave, a big, broad chamber which seems capacious enough to completely engulf the arches and white pillars of the little Sanctuary, and is said to have been finished in 1185 by Guillaume de Passavant, Bishop of Le Mans. Each of the slightly pointed bays of its strong, plain walls contains twin windows that are round-headed and decorated with small columns and a deep-cut border. Its proportions are excellent; and its good and pure Gallo-Byzantine is reminiscent of the better nave of Angers and the greater Angoulême.

The Sanctuary has been artificially enclosed by a low rail, the choir-stalls, and a massive High Altar. Within it are found ancient, monolithic columns, rounded arches, capitals carved in high relief, and emblematic



"NEAR THE SANCTUARY."—LAVAL.

figures which are artistically admirable; and seeing these well-conceived works and the hall-like room beyond, the Cathedral-seeker modifies his first trenchant judgment of La Trinité.

He may not deny that it appears to be a mere tantalising mixture of styles neatly cleaned and restored,—the exterior, a mass of incongruous peaks and angles over which a modest peak has been set; and in the interior, a somewhat bewildering confusion of aisles and walks, with scarcely a perspective that is undisturbedly lovely. Yet La Trinité is not this alone,—having its nave, its Sanctuary, and its archaic transept, it cannot be called entirely unworthy; and Edward A. Freeman writes, “it reveals one of the most instructive” and curious “pieces of architecture anywhere to be found.” The ideal Bishop’s church is, however, not a text-book of archæology, it is a solemn and glorious edifice. This Laval is not. It has humble dignity, as a Cathedral it is mediocre; and in comparison with a Bayeux or a Séez, it stands as a peasant-maid in the presence of the beautiful Princess.

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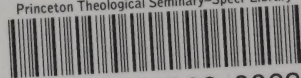
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